

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVI.

JANUARY, 1928

NO. 1



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON PRESTON
Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, N. C.
Great-Grandson of Stonewall Jackson

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given.

Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis.

Cloth.....	\$5 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two vols.....	8 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson. Two vols.....	7 00
Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee; edited by his son, Gen. R. E. Lee.....	6 00
Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
Four Years with General Lee. By Col. Walter L. Taylor.....	3 50
Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Col. Robert Stiles.....	3 50
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor. Autographed by General Beauregard.....	6 50
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	5 00
Scrap from the Prison Table of Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, with list of prisoners there exchanged September, 1862. A valuable historic record. By Joe Barbieri.....	5 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John N. Craven.....	4 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards, who served with the great Missouri cavalry leader.....	5 00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Raphael Semmes.....	7 50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.....	5 00
With Sword and Scalpel. By Dr. John N. Wyeth.....	5 00
A Belle of the Fifties. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama.....	5 00
A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.....	4 50
Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
4. Financial Prospectus.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Message from the Commander in Chief, U. C. V.....	3
Robert Edward Lee, Soldier and Gentleman. By John Grimbail Wilkins.....	4
Tribute to Gen. C. I. Walker. By Col. Eli Torrance.....	5
The Lee Museum. By William M. Brown.....	5
The Burning of Columbia. By Mrs. Jane Adger Glassell.....	6
Tribute to the Gallant Pelham.....	7
William R. Bringham: A Tribute.....	8
The Ordinance of Secession.....	9
The Culture of the Old South. By Mrs. William Lyne.....	10
Pursuit and Capture of Colonel Streight. By Capt. James Dinkins.....	15
At Bean's Station, Tenn. By J. W. Minnich.....	18
The Battle of Monocacy. By Judge G. H. Worthington.....	20
Signers of the Declaration of Independence.....	38
Departments: Last Roll.....	24
U. D. C.....	28
C. S. M. A.....	34
S. C. V.....	36

J. A. JOEL & CO.



SILK AND BUNTING
FLAGS AND BANNERS
U. S. CONFEDERATE,
AND STATE FLAGS
SPECIAL FLAGS AND
BANNERS MADE TO
ORDER AT SHORT
NOTICE

147 Fulton Street
New York, N. Y.

SEEKS TO LOCATE SWORD.—W. L. Chew, 1836 Park Row, Dallas, Tex., writes: "My uncle, Robert E. Chew, major in a Tennessee Regiment, was killed at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. Dr. Keller, who lived of late years at Hot Springs, told me that one of the regiment preserved my uncle's sword and watch, and I am hoping to locate them by making this inquiry through the VETERAN. Any information will be appreciated."

A. J. Rynerd, 3215 Oakland Avenue, Dallas, Tex., makes inquiry for a history of Walthall's Mississippi Brigade, which he thinks was written by the late Captain Sykes, of Aberdeen, Miss. Anyone knowing of this book will please communicate with him.

J. C. De Puyster, 447 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Fla., wishes to secure a roster of those who served under General Forrest, or to learn whether J. W. Howell, who, he thinks, enlisted from Pikesville, Ala., was one of them.

The Davis Family

(Davies and David)

in Wales and America

Genealogy of Morgan David, 1612-1927, compiled by Harry Alexander Davis. Over 400 families of the name. Male and female lines shown. Complete ancestral record of Jefferson Davis. Contains many Confederate service records never before published. Discount to Chapters, U. D. C.

455 Pages, Full Index, Cloth, \$10.00

Address Maj. Harry A. Davis
316 Shepherd St., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 3, 1918. Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXVI. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1928.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. *Commander in Chief*
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.
Assistant to the Adjutant General
GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Chaplain General*

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. *Army of Northern Virginia*
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex. *Trans-Mississippi*

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Jasper. Gen. T. P. Lamkin
ARKANSAS—Little Rock. Gen. J. W. Hollis
FLORIDA—Tallahassee. Gen. T. J. Appleyard
GEORGIA—Atlanta. Gen. D. B. Freeman
KENTUCKY—Richmond. Gen. N. B. Deatherage
LOUISIANA—Coushatta. Gen. L. W. Stephens
MARYLAND—Baltimore. Gen. H. M. Wharton
MISSISSIPPI—Durant. Gen. F. A. Howell
MISSOURI—Kansas City. Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA, Ansonville. Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville. Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Dallas. Gen. R. C. Cornwall
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. S. S. Simmons

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

The Place.—Little Rock, Ark.

The Time.—May 8-11, 1928.

The Headquarters.—Hotel Marion.

A MESSAGE FOR COMRADES IN THE NEW YEAR.

January 1, 1928.

This day I send greetings to my comrades who have survived for nearly sixty-four years the War between the States, wishing you this year health and contentment. May sweet angels attend you in life or in death.

I am calling on each State Commander that the *per capita* dues be sent in to the national and State Adjutants at once. This amount should be fifty cents from each veteran, twenty-five cents for national and twenty-five cents for the State. This is the only way to have your Camps in good standing, for your State to have the proper number of delegates to the Little Rock reunion.

I am asking also the Confederate Associations and my staff to give special effort to add to the circulation of the VETERAN for the new year. As this is the only way we have to keep in touch with each other, please renew and get new subscribers for the new year, 1928, so we may have a large circulation. "Please do not fail in this."

With love and best wishes, your obedient servant,

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

A LIFE AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

On the 7th of November, Gen. K. M. VanZandt, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., celebrated his ninety-first birthday by attending to his regular duties as president of the Fort Worth National Bank, which he helped to organize more than fifty years ago. In looking back over his long and active life, General VanZandt told of his ambitions when he located at Fort Worth, going there from Marshall, his first home in Texas. These ambitions were four:

To establish a school, a Sunday school, a newspaper, and a railroad—and he accomplished it all, in addition to founding the first bank there. And many other things he helped to accomplish for his home city, and his life there has been an example of right living, so that he is known as the "First Citizen of Fort Worth." Ever looking forward, he visions the continued material advancement of his city, holding that its development as a great business metropolis should be with the desire also to create a center of morality and culture—and that is his creed.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE—SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

To a visitor from the Southland, Arlington, the old home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, gives a heartache. The rooms of the old mansion are left to memories and silence. His name is not on the Temple of Fame at Arlington, yet he was the finest soldier the English race ever produced, and America should be proud of this great son. For four long years, with his poorly equipped army, he faced the well-fed and well-equipped soldiery of the North. His genius was always bright. He was so gentle in peace, so invincible in war, with a character so clean, with a nature so loved and honored. Why, Stonewall Jackson said of Lee, "I would follow him blindfolded."

When a Southerner stands before the statue of Lee in Richmond, it makes his heart beat warm and quick, and he feels a pride coming into his soul, for that man belongs alone to Dixie. It took the sweet, chivalrous charm and spirit of the Old South to produce such a soldier. No other section of the country, nor of the world, could have done it. He needs no marble nor bronze tablet at Arlington Cemetery to keep his name bright, because every Southern fireside will remember him and his deeds, which grow grander as the years go by. Just Robert E. Lee, soldier and gentleman; there is no occasion to mention his rank. We can see him now in command of the Army of Northern Virginia; at the battle of the Wilderness, where his men pushed his horse back from the firing lines. We can see him again just before Appomattox, when Grant was closing in on his great antagonist, whose genius was never brighter; no adversity could destroy it.

Now the four years' struggle was coming to a close; the gray-clad veterans could never forget in after years the memory of Lee as he rode along their tattered ranks. Still the light winds will ever blow through the sweet pines and over the soft plowed fields of old Virginia and by the quiet battle grounds now hushed forever.

What war in history ever put such fighters in the field as Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, John B. Gordon, and Pickett—who led that celebrated charge at Gettysburg, Cemetery Ridge, with fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans? We all love Dixie; out there the cotton fields are so white in the fall sunlight, and far away you can see the pale blue of the distant hills—and you feel very proud of the Old South which gave us such men.

Lee has crossed over the river to meet Jackson and the rest of his old soldiers on the other side, resting "in the shade of the trees." And we think of the old veterans of that glorious Army of Northern Virginia, after the surrender, pressing about their hero to touch his hands or the bridle of his horse, to express their sympathy as he told them "Good-by" and "God bless you." They have nearly all joined their old commander now.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,

Not a sound save the rush of the river,

Where soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—

The picket's off duty forever."

France honors the name of her great Napoleon, but how tragic was the fate of this wonderful soldier, how lonely his last days, with only the English guard and just a marshal of

France with him out on that barren isle out in the Atlantic Ocean—St. Helena—and a young Irish surgeon, to keep him company, spending six awful years on that God-forsaken island, whose rugged sides jutted out on the rolling surf for nearly a thousand feet, while below, in the inlet, a British "man o' war" pulled at its anchor chains, ready for action, ever watching this little man, just a few inches over five feet.

But when we think of Robert E. Lee and the closing years of his life, we think of the old State of Virginia and the little town of Lexington. The most beautiful part of Lee's life was when he returned home and became the president of Washington College, and taught the Southern boys—many sons of those he had led in battle—encouraging them with his matchless character to go out into the world remembering the influence of their college days. And when we think of Robert E. Lee in these last few years of his life, we picture him riding about the town of Lexington and far out in the peaceful countryside, the little children running to the gates to wave their hands and say, "Good morning, General Lee," for the children knew he was good and great—"the man in gray on his old war horse, 'Traveller.'"

And the last scene, when this great Virginian passed away so peacefully in his native State, among the people who loved and honored him, and in the funeral procession his favorite horse, Traveller, who had carried him safely over many battle fields, was walking slowly with saddle empty.

When reading of Virginia and her wonderful history, it is always

"Virginia first, then Lee."

HISTORIC WEALTH GOING TO WASTE.

BY REV. JAMES A. LYONS, GLADE SPRING, VA.

In libraries and attics of homes in our Southland there are carloads of valuable history, some of it priceless, on the road to the junk pile. Much of it in book form is never read, or even referred to for data, while periodicals are piled up in out-of-the-way corners as useless as wooden shoe pegs in a bake shop—except for rat nests.

This is not fancy, but fact of easy demonstration. There are literally thousands of our people, especially old ones, who, like myself, want to leave this literature where it will be most effective in bringing truth to the minds and hearts of our young people, who are being fed up on Confederate history, so called, from hostile sources.

I suggest that the U. D. C. women, God bless them! turn their attention this way:

1. Let each Chapter canvass its immediate field, gather up the publications indicated, not omitting precious manuscripts, and, under direction of the Historian, reduce periodicals to consecutive order and compile as far as possible, complete files of the same. Copies lacking can be secured by exchange among U. D. C. Chapters; books also.

2. When this is done, localities for permanent libraries can be designated by official action of district, State, and general organizations. Care must be taken that large cities do not absorb an undue share to the impoverishment of far needier places. It must be remembered that an overwhelming proportion of our Southern folk are not in reach of library facilities of any kind.

The sooner our people are "Yankeized" in the matter of historical self-defense, the better for all concerned. Even the reputation of our dead is involved. It is now or never with us to rid a host of descendants of Confederate soldiers of the slanderous suspicion that their forbears were brave, but barbarous, fighting to keep negroes in slavery.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. C. I. WALKER.

THE LEE MUSEUM.

BY WILLIAM M. BROWN, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

In the following a sincere tribute is paid to Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, by one who fought on "the other side," but who has ever shown his friendship for the veterans of the Southern Confederacy—Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., former Commander in Chief, G. A. R. He writes under date of December 16, 1927:

"I have learned of the death of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, former Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

"This news did not surprise me, as he had reached a good old age, but I nevertheless experienced a feeling of sorrow that he had passed on. We corresponded regularly for the last fifteen years. His letters to me have been carefully preserved, for they gave strong evidence of his love for his friends and for his country, and especially for his State.

"He rendered efficient service in making the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg a wonderful success. As chairman of the National Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, having the celebration in charge, I was brought into very close touch with General Walker. On several occasions we met with the Executive Committee at Washington, D. C., and also at Gettysburg, planning for the success of the celebration. On one occasion, we stopped at the Raleigh Hotel, in Washington, occupying adjoining rooms, between which the door was always open; often we would visit together until midnight, talking over the war and our experiences in that sad and mighty struggle. He had no apologies to make for the part he had taken in that great conflict and firmly believed that the right to secede from the Union was not open to question. He certainly did his full share to make secession a success, and his record as a soldier and colonel of the 10th South Carolina Infantry, which he commanded at the close of the war, furnishes ample proof of the courage and fighting qualities of the South Carolinians. The better soldier, the better I liked him, and the finer the record of General Walker and his soldiers, the greater was my admiration for them. But to me, the crown of it all was his kindly, gentle, and loving spirit.

"He suffered many disappointments and sorrows, but he bore them with little complaint and made the best of every experience that entered into his life. I visited him at his home in Charleston some years ago, where I met his wife, who was one of the noblest of women. I was accompanied by my wife, and we were received by General and Mrs. Walker and their friends and neighbors as though we belonged to the family and were part of 'their people.'

"I am glad that I knew him, and am glad that our acquaintance was so continued and affectionate, and I am sorry that I will see his face no more.

"In preparation for Christmas and before learning of General Walker's death, I had written this letter to send him:

"Dear Octogenarian Comrade:

"The fleeting years, like thistle down,

Have drifted out of sight.

The boys are mustered out of life; let

no man say 'Good night!'

The boys in Blue and boys in Gray sleep

peacefully together;

And God's own stars shine through the

flag and make it pleasant weather.'

"Fraternally yours,

ELL TORRANCE."

"Christmas, 1927."

More than two years ago, several interested alumni of Washington and Lee started a movement looking to the establishment of a "Lee Museum" in some suitable place on the University campus. For many years—in fact, since General Lee became president of the institution—many objects connected with him have been in the University's possession. In addition to these, it is well known that there are many other articles—papers, books, letters, and the like—scattered throughout the country in the hands of private individuals which should be collected in one place and put on display to the thousands who are and may become interested in the life and character of General Lee.

There is no more logical place for the establishment of such a museum than Washington and Lee University, and it is to be regretted that the collection of such relics of General Lee was not begun in a systematic way several decades ago. There is not now in any museum or private collection extant, so far as the writer is aware, an accumulation of relics pertaining solely to General Lee and the members of his immediate family. In contrast to this rather amazing fact, there are several collections of Lincoln relics (or Lincolniana, as the collectors call them), one or two collections of Jeffersoniana, and many other notables. Further, the demand for such articles among collectors, and the fact that many letters, papers, and documents become destroyed through the ignorance or carelessness of the owners, makes it increasingly difficult to get together a collection of objects pertaining to any famous personage who lived as long as fifty or seventy-five years ago.

Consequently, the time for the opening of a Lee Museum is now, and an excellent beginning has already been made with this end in view.

At its meeting in June, 1926, the Board of Trustees constituted an official Committee on the Lee Museum, consisting of President Henry Louis Smith, Mr. Harrington Waddell, and Professors F. L. Riley and William M. Brown. At the same time a small appropriation was set aside for the purchase of such relics and papers as could not be obtained by gift or loan and which seemed to the Committee important enough to add to the collection. A call was sent out to the alumni and friends of the University to come to the aid of the Committee in this rather difficult undertaking. Some response was made by a few alumni, but up to this time the great majority have shown little or no interest in the matter. The Committee, however, has continued its work steadily and has added a number of articles to those already in possession of the University at the time this movement was begun.

During the past summer the entire chapel has been rendered as fireproof as it is possible to make it, and, upon the recommendation of the Lee Museum Committee, two basement rooms have been set aside for purposes connected with the Museum. Both of these rooms have remained in disuse for many years, but they have been made very attractive as a result of the repairs recently completed. They immediately adjoin General Lee's office, and the smaller room will be used for the purpose of displaying books, pamphlets, and photographs of a dignified and authoritative nature, to be sold to visitors at reasonable prices. The profits from the sale of all these articles will be added to the general fund for the maintenance of the chapel and Museum. The Committee also hopes to receive voluntary contributions from many of the visitors to the University, and these amounts will also be added to the above-mentioned fund.

In the larger room will be located the Museum proper, where the most interesting relics of General Lee, and also some connected with General Washington, will be placed on display. No admission fee will be charged to the Museum. Here, when the arrangements now under way are completed, will be found portraits of various members of the Lee family, many photographs of General Lee and other Confederate generals, household articles donated by members of his family, letters, papers, and reports connected with General Lee before and after he became president of Washington College.

At its meeting held on October 11 of last year, the Board of Trustees, at the request of the Lee Museum Committee, made an appropriation of \$1,500 to provide for the purchase of a magnificent collection of Lee and Confederate relics owned by a gentleman in New York State, and also for the purchase of display cases to be used in the Museum. The collection referred to has been sold to the University by its owner, Mr. E. Titus Black, at about half its real value, and Mr. Black is also making a number of donations to the Museum since the purchase of his collection. He is a New Yorker by birth, but is much interested in Confederate history and is anxious to have his collection remain intact in some Southern institution, where it will be available for historical and research purposes during many years to come.

Recently, Dr. W. P. Nye, a retired dentist of Radford, Va., and a Confederate veteran, has given to the University a very valuable collection of Confederate and Indian relics. The Confederate relics will be added to the Museum collection and the Indian relics will be placed on display elsewhere in the University. Dr. Nye is not an alumnus of Washington and Lee, but voluntarily, and without solicitation, has given his collection to the University with no restrictions, because of his admiration for General Lee and the institution over which the latter presided for five years.

Late last spring, Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, grandson of General Lee and a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, sent as a loan to the Lee Museum a leather trunk which had belonged to General Lee and which contained many of the most valuable and cherished of the family relics. Many of these articles will be placed on display in the basement of the chapel when the necessary equipment has been installed. The contents of the trunk consisted of a clock, several books, handkerchiefs, a razor, a watch, spoons, and other objects, all owned by General Lee; a linen suit worn by him, two locks of his hair, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of George Washington, General Lee's commission as lieutenant colonel in the United States army, a pair of his epaulettes, etc.

At the present time the Committee needs the earnest and enthusiastic coöperation of all friends of the University especially in its work of getting donations to the Museum. There are still living a number of men who attended Washington and Lee when General Lee was its president. There are others who know of the existence of relics, papers, documents, and the like pertaining to General Lee and the Confederacy, or to George Washington. Any such articles will be gladly received, either as loans or gifts, and prompt acknowledgment to the donors or lenders will be made.

Address the writer at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

A GOOD FRIEND.—Sending two new subscriptions with this order for renewal for 1928, Comrade R. A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, Ga., says: "May you live long and prosper; yes, as long as there is a Confederate veteran or descendant of a veteran living to read your sacred pages."

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY MRS. JANIE ADGER GLASSSELL, SHREVEPORT, LA.

In the September number of the *VETERAN* appeared an article on the burning of Columbia which carried the statement by General Sherman that the city was burned by Wade Hampton's setting fire to cotton to prevent its falling into the hands of the Yankee army. It may be that he did burn some cotton to save it from the Yankees, but one thing I know, and that is that General Sherman's officers set fire to homes in Columbia.

I know of two instances where the buildings were set on fire by such officers. The first I shall mention was the home of my grandfather's sister, Mrs. Agnes Adger Law, a widow, whose lovely home was on one of the best streets in Columbia. She had a niece living with her, who, with her young infant, only a few days old, occupied an upstairs bedroom. As there were no men in the house, my aunt sent for General Sherman and asked him to put two officers in the house for protection. He granted her request and put the officers in charge. My aunt invited them to sit down to a bountiful supper. When the meal was ended they picked up the lighted candles from the table, and, when she asked what they intended doing, they laughed and said, "Well, old woman, we will show you what we will do," and holding up the lighted candles they set fire to all the window curtains. My aunt just had time to get her niece and young baby downstairs and out of the burning house to safety. My aunt, being seventy-four years old and delicate, after wandering the streets, exposed to the wind, caught a dreadful cold from which she never recovered. She finally found shelter that night in the theological seminary. I will give you a few lines from her obituary which I read yesterday in my father's family Bible:

"Thus has passed from earth to heaven a mother in Israel. Her hospitable mansion, like its owner, is in ruins and dust, and its mistress cruelly driven from her burning home into the streets of a burning city, alone and sick, to find shelter where she most deserved it, in the halls of that seminary so liberally endowed by her. From its doors, after great suffering borne with exemplary patience, she was carried tenderly by the students, as if a mother, and laid in her grave, the last services being conducted by a professor who had been her friend for thirty-six years."

I can tell of another instance related to me by an old lady, who at that time was a girl attending school in a convent just out of the city. The Mother Superior sent for General Sherman and talked with him, expecting some consideration, as she had been a schoolmate of his sister in a Kentucky convent years before. So General Sherman promised to send some of his officers out to protect the convent property. After having supper—it seems they always ate before burning—they took candles up into the tower and set the building on fire. The nuns and pupils fled into the woods, where they spent the whole night.

Gen. Wade Hampton may have burned cotton, but Gen. Tecumseh Sherman and his officers set fire to the homes of Columbia, which were filled with old women, children, and helpless babes.

My grandfather lived in Fairfield District, S. C., fifty miles above Columbia, but as he was in feeble health, he, with his family, was spending some months on his plantation in Louisiana, so his home "Albion" in South Carolina was vacant when Sherman passed on his march to the sea. Old "Uncle Enoch," the carriage driver, was left in charge of the place, and when he learned that the soldiers were almost there, burning houses as they came, he hardly had time to take down

the family portraits and bury them in the woods. Everything else was burned with the house, and the soldiers carried the handsome rosewood piano into the yard and filled it with corn to feed the horses.

After the war my grandfather had the portraits brought to Louisiana, where to-day they hang on the walls of my home, oil portraits of three generations of the Adger family saved by the faithful old slave. The family of this old slave did not leave our plantation after the negroes were given their freedom, but most of them lived and died on our plantation, Carolina Bluff, and only last week a nephew of "Uncle Enoch," who was always called "Uncle Noah Adger," passed away on a neighboring plantation, after a long life of over ninety years, and was brought back and laid to rest in the old plantation graveyard, near the grave of his old aunt, who has on the marble slab over her grave—

"JANE ADGER, AGED 102 YEARS, WHO FAITHFULLY AND LOVINGLY SERVED FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE ADGER FAMILY."

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

IN TRIBUTE TO THE GALLANT PELHAM.

Near Elkwood, Va., standing by the Lee Highway, one of Virginia's most traveled thoroughfares, is a small monument dedicated to Maj. John Pelham, of Alabama, whose glorious service in the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia brought forth General Lee's tribute to "the gallant Pelham."

This monument is the gift of George E. Douglas, a merchant and farmer living near Elkwood, now an elderly man, who has grown up in the heart of Virginia made historic by the battle fields of the War between the States. He has made a study of these fields of carnage, and his desire to honor the Southern heroes prompted him to raise this stone to the memory of Maj. John Pelham, who was killed at the battle of Kelley's Ford, which is near the site of the monument. Alabama furnished many brave men in this and later wars, but none braver than Pelham, a mere youth, whose name is honored wherever brave men come together.

The shaft stands on a corner of the grounds of the Douglas home, on the highway, approximately marking the spot where the cavalcade bearing the unconscious form of Major Pelham reached the highway on its way to Culpeper the evening after the battle. The base of the monument was made from a boulder taken from the battle field of Kelley's Ford, and near the spot where he fell, according to eyewitnesses. On this stands a granite column, six feet high, bearing these inscriptions:

"IN MEMORY OF MAJOR JOHN PELHAM,
BORN, SEPTEMBER 7, 1843,
MORTALLY WOUNDED, MARCH 17, 1863,
NEAR KELLEY'S FORD, VA."

On another face is this:

"LIKE MARSHAL NEY,
ONE OF THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

On the obverse:

ERECTED BY GEORGE E., AND HIS WIFE, LENORE DOUGLAS,
1926.

The Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., of Birmingham, Ala.—the only Chapter in the great organization bearing the name of the young hero—was selected by Mr. Douglas for the honor

of caring for this memorial through the years to come, to whom he turned it over by deed of gift, and whose privilege it will be to see that it is ever protected and given loving care. This Chapter had the handsome bronze tablet suitably inscribed and placed on the monument.

On October 29, the dedication ceremonies took place, with the Culpeper Chapter, U. D. C., in charge of general arrangements. After a bountiful picnic lunch, the exercises were carried out. Hon. Henry B. Steigall, member of Congress from Alabama, had been delegated by the governor of Alabama to represent the people of that State on the occasion, and his address was most eloquent. Mr. Douglas made the speech of presentation, and the monument was accepted for the Birmingham Chapter by Hon. George Huddleston, of Alabama, Representative in Congress. The veil was drawn by Miss Edith Burgess, a student at the University of Virginia. Randall's beautiful poem, "The Dead Cannoneer," was impressively given by Capt. Tom Hooper, and others contributed their part to the interest of the occasion.

An honored guest of the occasion was Mrs. Emma Pelham Hank, of Richmond, with her three little daughters, and other members of the Pelham family were there from Alabama. The only survivor known of Pelham's Battery is Robert M. Mackall, who was also in attendance, and other Confederate veterans were there to pay tribute to their gallant comrade of the sixties.

John Pelham was born near Alexandria, Calhoun County, Ala., September 14, 1838, the third son of Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson Pelham. He entered the West Point Academy in 1856, from which he resigned a few days before he was due to graduate in order to join the Confederate army. Major Pelham's record in the Confederate army is one of the brightest in a galaxy of brilliant records, and his name will grow with the years. His achievements were—and will continue to be—the subject of thought and discussion by all men who admire courage and ability, displayed to so marked an extent by Major Pelham.

"The Gallant Pelham" met a gallant death in the battle of Kelley's Ford, Va., on March 17, 1863. His body was returned to his native Alabama and rests in the cemetery at Jacksonville.

"His eyes had glanced over every battle field of the war from Manassas to his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of the gallant Pelham has many manly virtues, his noble nature and purity of character are enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell the noblest sacrifice on the altar of his country, to whose service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war."

Gen. Robert E. Lee said: "I mourn the loss of Major Pelham. I had hoped that a long career of usefulness was before him. He was stricken down in the midst of both, and before he could receive the promotion which he had richly won."

"The gallant Pelham," and that from Lee was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or any badge of any other," said Morris Schaff, of the Union Army, in "The Spirit of Old West Point."

The Birmingham News pays this tribute: "The sureness with which Pelham framed, the celerity with which he executed his plans, his unrivalled capacity in discerning the enemy's most vulnerable point, and his marvelous skill in smashing it, made of him, young though he was, to the Army of Northern Virginia what Desaix, the boy-general, was to the little Corsican. Like his infantry rival of the French army,

Pelham was killed in battle—Desaix at Marengo, Pelham at Kellyton.

Alma Rittenberry, State Correspondent, U. D. C., adds this for the Pelham Chapter:

"From Alabama went forth this youth. It was here that he was nurtured, here that his fine character flowered. Affixed to this memorial near Elwood is a bronze tablet—the gift of the Pelham Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Birmingham. In his deed of gift, Mr. Douglas, mindful that Pelham was of Alabama's loins, lodged possession of this Pelham Memorial in the Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., here in Birmingham. The gracious act of this Virginian awakens keen appreciation in Alabama. It will be the privilege of the Pelham Chapter to care for this memorial.

"In this State's inspiring record there are few deeds shining with clearer valor than are those of 'the gallant Pelham.'"

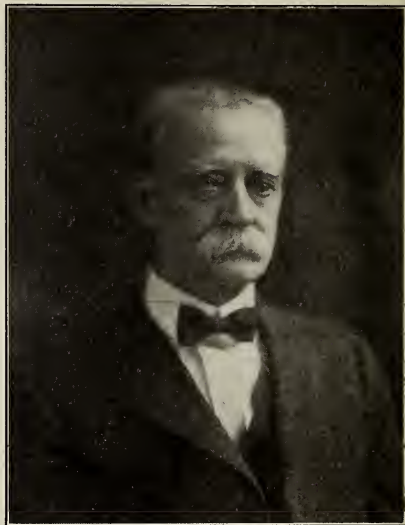
WILLIAM R. BRINGHURST—A TRIBUTE.

"He never held a high office; he did not climb the ladder of fame; he was hardly known outside the borders of his State; he did nothing to challenge first-page news stories or to provoke editorial discussion; and yet death ended for William R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, a life that is in every respect worthy of the very highest emulation. He made real contributions to society; he accomplished, during his eighty-three honorable and well-spent years, much that will survive him. He was that type of Tennessean, American, and man whose homely virtues, whose high appreciation of man's estate, and whose devotion to the best ideals of the race have done more than history often credits them with doing for the true advancement of our civilization."

Of the many beautiful tributes which have been paid to the life of William R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., which closed on December 4, 1927, perhaps this editorial paragraph from the Nashville *Tennessean* gives a clearer picture of him who had lived and moved among us for eighty-three years, years full and overflowing with the kindly deeds and duties of a simple life; just to do his duty day by day and to reach out a helping hand to friend or neighbor or the stranger within his gates—that was the dominating thought of his long life, an active life almost to the very end. For fifty-four years he had been a hotel proprietor, and he was doubtless the most widely known man in that business in this Southern section, and perhaps, in point of service, the oldest in the United States. All who partook of his hospitality became his friends, for his cordial disposition and treatment of guests was never forgotten. It was not merely business with him, but an opportunity to share a part of his home with those who were away from theirs. He was congenial with the old and the young, and thus his friends were legion.

William Rufus Bringhurst was a native of Clarksville by "coincidence," as he facetiously expressed it, his father, William Robert Bringhurst, a native of Germantown, Penn., having located at Clarksville by accident. He met a girl from his home State, Miss Julia Matilda Huling, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was visiting friends in that section, and shortly afterwards they were married. He was then established in his business as a carriage maker, and helped to build up the town of Clarksville. His son, William Rufus, was born November 4, 1844, the day that James K. Polk was elected President of the United States. He was educated in the public schools of Clarksville and at Stewart College, which was later the Southwestern Presbyterian University. As a boy of seventeen, he joined the Confederate army in 1862. He was then clerking in the hardware store of F. S. Beaumont, who had raised a

company and gone with the 14th Tennessee Infantry to Virginia, leaving the business in charge of the clerks. One by one these had enlisted until young Bringhurst was left in charge. One day some Confederate cavalymen, under command of Col. Tom Woodward (a Connecticut Yankee



WILLIAM R. BRINGHURST.

who had lived in the South some years), came charging through the main street of the town, carrying a varied assortment of arms. They were simply on a lark, but their seeming earnestness deceived the Federals, some of whom were captured and paroled; then Colonel Woodward demanded the surrender of the force entrenched on the Stewart College property, under a Colonel Mason, who, becoming alarmed, surrendered to the small Confederate force, and he and his men were paroled, and sent back to Ohio by steamboat.

In the meantime, young Bringhurst had closed the store, rushed home for his brother's gun, joined Colonel Woodward's men, and participated in the capture of the Federals. The Confederates continued to operate in that section for some two months, then went out with Forrest and joined the regular army of Tennessee, William Bringhurst accompanying them as a member of Company A, Woodward's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry. He thus served through the battle of Chickamauga, and was then with Wheeler until the fall of Richmond, when he went to Greensboro, N. C., and became a member of the escort for President Davis and the Confederate treasury. An interesting account of his experiences in that connection was given by him in the *VETERAN* for October, 1926. His command was with those who were turned back at the Savannah River, and he returned home by way of Augusta, Ga., where he was formally paroled.

For some years he was engaged in business at Clarksville, then opened a hotel at Sebree, Ky., but in 1875 he returned to Clarksville and established himself in the hotel business there, in which he had since been continuously engaged. In 1869, he was married to Miss Sallie Scott, daughter of Col.

W. H. Scott, of Hopkinsville, Ky. Ten children came to bless the home, and on April 29, 1919, they celebrated their Golden Wedding with an unbroken family chain. But the youngest son and the beloved wife preceded him in death, and three sons and six daughters now mourn the loss of the revered father.

To the VETERAN, his passing is the loss of a devoted friend and a loyal patron. He had been a subscriber from the beginning and a contributor from his store of Confederate history, his knowledge of which was accurate and extensive. He had faithfully served the Forbes Bivouac of Confederate Veterans since its organization soon after the war and was a true comrade in peace as he had been in times of stress. He was an outstanding citizen of his community, an enterprising and at all times a progressive citizen, always interested in the public welfare. His courtly bearing, genial disposition, and tender consideration endeared him to all, and not only in his home town, but wherever known, he will be sadly missed. He was a true Christian, a member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church from 1856, and served on its board of trustees; a member of the Masonic fraternity, by which the last sad rites were conducted after funeral services at the church.

It is difficult to express the sense of loss which such a life occasions in its passing, and the test of appreciation is what is said by his own people. Nothing could be finer than the editorial tribute in his home paper, which concluded thus:

"As a soldier in war, as a citizen in peace, as a follower of the Great Teacher, he measured to the highest standard of manhood. His religious faith was to those who came within the circle of his amiable life a benediction and an inspiration.

"But the real gem of his character displayed its brilliance and its beauty in his home life. No husband was ever truer to his marital vows or bestowed more love and tenderness and care on his companion. No father ever merited the affection and the gratitude of his children more than he.

"Taps for the old soldier!

"Good night for the father!

"Home at last for the Christian!

"God bless his memory!"

THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

Referring to the statement which has been widely published of late that the original of the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession was in the possession of a man in Ohio, A. M. Barnes in *Kind Words*, brings out testimony to show that this valuable old paper could not be in the possession of any private individual, and quotes Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina, as follows:

"This is to say that the original Ordinance of Secession, adopted December 20, 1860, by a convention of the people of South Carolina and signed up the same day by the delegates thereto, is in this office, and has been in the custody, first of the Secretary of State and then of this office since the aforesaid 20th of December, 1860."

This is testimony sufficient to show that the Ohio man could have only a copy of the original ordinance, and Mr. Barnes says that a number of these were made by request of members of the convention. This is the text of the famous old document:

"At a convention of the people of the State of South Carolina, begun and holden at Columbia on the seventeenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, and thence continued by adjournment to

Charleston, and there by divers adjournments to the twentieth day of December in the same year,

"An Ordinance: To dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and the other States united with her under the compact entitled, 'The Constitution of the United States of America.'

"We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the 'United States of America,' is hereby dissolved.

"Done at Charleston, the twentieth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty."

The story of the signing of the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession is told by Mr. Barnes in the following, and it has not lost interest in all these years:

"When as a result of the national election in November of 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States, the legislature of South Carolina, which had remained in session, awaiting the news, called for an election of delegates to a popular convention to be held in the following month. It was thus that on December 17, 1860, the Democratic State Convention assembled in Columbia. Each delegate wore a blue badge attached to his hat instead of being pinned on the lapel of his coat as was the custom later. But one session of the convention was held, however, when learning that smallpox had broken out in the city it was decided to adjourn to Charleston. There the meetings were held in St. Andrew's Hall, a building on Broad Street, belonging to the St. Andrew's Society, an organization founded in 1729 principally for charitable purposes. The building sat back from the street in the midst of a garden.

"The president of the convention was Gen. D. F. Jamison, the delegate from Barnwell County. The convention is described by an eyewitness as one of men 'of a most dignified bearing and exceeding gravity of manner.' Yet underlying this outward calm was an unmistakable air of tenseness, likely at any moment to give place to an outbreak of excitement. Not a man there who did not understand fully the real purpose for which the convention had been called, or who failed to recognize the crisis toward which the legislation was tending.

"It was exactly thirty minutes past eleven o'clock on the morning of December 20, as the records state, when a delegate stood up to read the Ordinance, which had been drafted by Dr. Francis Wardlaw, Chancellor of the State University. In the tense silence that ensued, as men sat with bated breath and rapidly beating hearts, the least sound was discernible. Outside, too, a great crowd had assembled that stood in massed formation to the very doors of the hall, tensely waiting to learn the action of the convention.

"When the ballot was called for every member of the convention, one hundred and nine in all, voted for the adoption of the Ordinance. Throughout the voting there was still evident that same grave demeanor that had marked the bearing of each delegate during the reading; but the moment the result of the voting was announced, the tumult of cheering broke forth, which extended to the crowd without. The people outside struggled to enter the building; and despite

the efforts of the door men, many of them succeeded. Soon the hall was filled to overflowing.

"It now having become evident that a larger hall would be necessary for the ratification of the Ordinance, the convention adjourned to reassemble in Institute Hall, on Meeting Street, a building used by the State for the promotion of the industrial arts. In procession, marching two and two, the delegates proceeded to the building selected. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of the Lutheran Church, the order of business was resumed. General Jamison made a few preliminary remarks, then called for a signing of the Ordinance. It was now close to seven o'clock in the evening. The bells of St. Michael's Church chimed the hour as the first three or four signatures were placed.

"When the last of the one hundred and nine signatures had been written, General Jamison, lifting the document from the table, and holding it impressively aloft, announced its ratification, at the same time proclaiming the State of South Carolina 'an independent commonwealth.'

"Following this announcement there was an outburst of cheers, and delegates and audience arose as one man, giving vent to their enthusiasm not only by voice, but by the waving of hats, canes, and handkerchiefs.

"The news of the signing of the Ordinance having been proclaimed outside the hall, the church bells began to ring; whistles blew; and shortly cannons were booming; while, as though with the swiftness of magic the State flag appeared on public buildings and private residences. Later in the evening there was a general celebration. The whole city was illuminated; bonfires were built on the Battery; while groups passed along the streets, bearing torches and singing Southern songs. On the following evening there was a mammoth torchlight procession, with bands of music.

"It was shortly afterwards that the 'Secession Song,' 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' appeared. It was composed and set to music by Harry McCarthy, an Irish comedian, who with a small theatrical company was touring the South at the time. The line, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star,' had reference to the secession of South Carolina and the flag adopted by the State, a blue ground with a palmetto tree and a single star in white."

The following was contributed by Robert W. Sanders, of Greenville, S. C.:

"A native of South Carolina, and one whose residence has been in the 'Palmetto State' since his birth—now over eighty years ago—I was thirteen years old when the Secession Ordinance of South Carolina was adopted, December 20, 1860. More than once the erroneous printed statement has gone forth that this ordinance was passed in Columbia, S. C. That, however, is a mistake. Mr. Barnes, in the above account, gives the correct history of that memorable event. Mr. Salley's account of the original document is, beyond doubt, also true. Copies of it have doubtless been referred to as being the original. I remember well when the news of the secession of South Carolina was flashed to Barnwell, S. C., my native county (district, as it was then called). There was great excitement, and also enthusiasm over it. Cleaving, as South Carolinians still do, to the State Rights doctrine as advocated and defended by John C. Calhoun, but few people in the State perhaps expected the bloody war to follow. They mistakenly thought that the State would go out of the Union and join with other States, peaceably forming the Confederacy.

"The Secession Convention held its meetings while sitting in Columbia, in the First Baptist Church edifice, which stands there yet, with its stately columns fronting Hampton Avenue.

The congregation had previously worshiped for years in a much smaller and far less imposing church building on another street. And I have read this story (no doubt a true one) that when Sherman's army entered Columbia, February 17, 1865, some of his men made inquiries of an old negro as to where that old building was, so they might burn it. They did burn the small old church house, believing that the Secession Convention had been held in it, instead of the large new building in which the convention had really met. Hence, the building in which the assembly took place, before moving to Charleston, escaped the enraged enemy's torch. This cruel torch (or rather torches) was applied by General Sherman's soldiers in many other places, however, and much of the beautiful city was left in ashes, as were homes, ginhouses, and the like, burned by that army along its relentless march from Savannah, Ga., to Greensboro, N. C.

"Misled people, in some sections of our great country, seem to have believed the false allegation against Gen. Wade Hampton that he burned Columbia by having bales of cotton fired on a street of the city. Even admitting that any buildings 'caught fire' from burning cotton, there can be no doubt that the city was destroyed by numerous fires from the hands of Sherman's soldiers. This fact has been several times stated to me by aged, truthful, and honorable citizens of Columbia, eyewitnesses of the cruelties of Northern soldiers whom they saw set the fires a-going. Some of these old citizens made other statements to me about some shameful acts and words of some of Sherman's men that I would blush to see printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The story that Hampton burned Columbia has no more truth in it than the cruelly false report that President Jefferson Davis was in women's clothes when he was captured on that memorable night while camping near a spring, a day's journey from Washington, Ga., whence he had departed that morning about nine o'clock."

THE CULTURE OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, * OF VIRGINIA.

Looking backward to my girlhood as I near my eighty-third year there is so much connected with the history of the Old South which will never be chronicled that I am often tempted to reminiscences; but those who knew my experiences have now nearly all answered the roll call of the Master's voice and gone to their eternal reward. Yet I am glad that I lived, in a sense, "when knighthood was in flower," and that my beaux were the gay *sabreurs* who wore the gray. I did not marry until after the war, but my husband fought with the Richmond Howitzers in twenty-seven of the worst battles and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. I also had five brothers in the service of the Confederacy; and my mother's home, on the Telegraph Road midway between Fredericksburg, Va., and Richmond, was the scene of many stirring events, for, after the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, the Yankees camped in our yard.

Mrs. Lyne was the famous beauty, Cassie Moncure, one of the belles of the sixties when Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. She is a great-great-granddaughter of Col. William Byrd, of Westover, and a great-niece of Richard Henry Lee, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her father, Hon. William A. Moncure, was auditor of the State of Virginia under Gov. Henry A. Wise; and as her uncle, Chief Justice Richard Cassius Lee Moncure, was for thirty-five years president of the Supreme Court of Virginia, she used to attend the levees at the Confederate White House. Her cousin, John Moncure Daniel, was editor of the *Examiner*, and his caustic sarcasm wielded a great influence, for he was an experienced diplomat, having been minister to Italy. He belonged to the same family as Judge Peter Vivian, of the United States Supreme Court, who was an Associate Justice on the bench with Roger Taney, of Maryland.

During the battle of Jericho Ford, Gen. U. S. Grant made our home his headquarters; and other Northern officers whom I recall as being there, and studying their maps in our yard under the big catalpa tree, were General Meade, Col. Nelson Miles, General Humphries, and Col. William McKinley (afterwards President).

The Washington Artillery camped there for one winter and, being Frenchmen from New Orleans, they erected a theater and gave plays to relieve the tedium of the country life. This battalion was equipped by Mrs. Urquhart, the mother of the actress, Mrs. James Brown Potter. My brother, Maj.

Thomas Jefferson Moncure, having graduated at Lexington under Stonewall Jackson, early became the Chief Engineer of McLaw's Division; and at the Crater, at Petersburg, he had charge of the countermine, at the special request of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Another of my brothers, Judge Eustace Conway Moncure, was a scout for Gen. Robert E. Lee, attached to Gen. "Rooney" Lee's Brigade, and he rode with Stuart in his famous raid around McClellan, and was one of those who recognized the brave Latané when a stretcher was being borne by, covered with a blanket, for Latané's boot was showing, and my brother knew him well; but he rode on, with a sob in his heart, for our families, the Latanés, Moncures, and Peachys, are all related. Latané's burial by the ladies of Virginia has been immortalized by the painting of Washington, and it illustrated how bereft was our country, with all the men at the front.

As the war came closer and closer to us, both in privations and heartaches, we experienced almost starvation when Sheridan was tearing up the railroads and burning the bridges toward Ashland. I had to make my own shoes, and all the meal we had to eat was what my mother ground in her coffee mill, for both armies had burned our rail fences and taken all our cattle and provender.

When the seven days' battles raged around Richmond, for safety, I was sent to Georgia, between Athens and High Shoals, not so far from Stone Mountain, and so I saw life on a Southern plantation, where long avenues of crépe myrtle led to the manor house; and where I shall always glimpse in memory the negro women coming from the fields, riding mules; for they did not work in the evening sun, but would spin and card. We used to drive to church in a carriage with steps that led down, and it was upholstered with crimson satin; and four mules were required to pull it through the sand roads. Happy, happy days, though tidings came of terrible import to our family, for young Joe McCrae, who was a Georgia volunteer and a member of my aunt's household, was killed at Petersburg, Va. Then, news of Sherman's burning of Columbia, S. C., brought other heartaches, for my cousin, Mary Ambler Weed, was the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent there. She took her nuns and fled to the church and sent General Sherman word that she must

have a guard, which was furnished; but when the sacred cross of her convent fell, as the flames encircled it, she likened it to the falling of the Southern Cross and the end of our hopes for victory. She was my first school-teacher, and that brings me to the education of Southern girls in ante-bellum days.

As my father was auditor of Virginia, I was educated in Richmond, at the famous Richmond Female Institute, which was very near the White House of the Confederacy. It was founded in 1853, the year that William Makepeace Thackeray made his famous visit to the city; and though my father has told me that Thackeray's visit did not cause the enthusiasm accorded to Charles Dickens, yet the lectures by the author of "Vanity Fair" aroused a deep desire in the hearts of the Richmond parents to give greater educational opportunities to their girls and boys. So that year witnessed the establishment of both the Richmond Female Institute and the Mechanics Institute. When the doors of the Richmond Female Institute opened, over two hundred and twenty-five pupils were ready to matriculate. Most of them rode in their own carriages, driven by negro coachmen, who were pompous in manner and jealous for their young mistresses to shine in society. There were few paved streets then; and the city sprawled from Church Hill to Shockoe Hill and Chelsea, with spacious homes and beautiful gardens.

Virginia had planned for public education before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and that Harvard has the distinction of being an older university than William and Mary College was due to a terrible Indian massacre; for Virginia always encouraged culture and sent her sons to Edinburgh and Oxford, while the girls were taught by tutors at home. But when railroad travel made it possible for planters to send their daughters to finishing schools, Richmond early took a most important stand for the higher education of women, and these schoolgirls were destined to be classified later as the *Women of the Southern Confederacy*. As I look back from my eighty years of retrospection to the years of suffering and the agony of four years of invasion of Dixie by the Northern troops, I see my contemporaries sewing for the soldiers, scraping lint and making sand bags for fortifications, knitting and weaving, and nursing the sick and wounded—which they deemed their privilege and duty as they interpreted the Constitution.

When news came that the students of the Citadel Academy, of Charleston, S. C., had unfurled the Confederate flag over their barracks, some girls from the Palmetto State, who were terribly in earnest, made and unfurled a Confederate flag over the Richmond Female Institute, which thus became the first building in Richmond to proclaim its colors in loyalty to the Confederacy. Then tidings came that young Gordon McCabe, afterwards one of Virginia's most celebrated educators and the intimate friend of the poet Tennyson, had made bold to place the flag of the Confederacy over the rotunda of the University of Virginia. McCabe was ever a daring spirit, and he and John Esten Cooke, the novelist of the Southern cause, were members of the same artillery battalion with my husband, the Richmond Howitzers. The day Virginia seceded happened to be my husband's seventeenth birthday, so he was only a gunner—though at the Wilderness, when his cannon was captured, he seized a rifle from the hands of a dead infantryman and led a charge where he recaptured his ordnance, but positively declined a *captaincy*, for he was devoted to driving his caisson. At the last terrible effort at Appomattox, when all seemed lost, and the cry went up, "If artillery would just come!" then McCarthy tented, in his "Story of the Army Life of Northern Virginia," that they put their ear to the ground, for they thought they detected



MRS. CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

Confederate Veteran.

the sound of oncoming cannon; and soon a shout went up, "Hurrah! It's *Bill!* It's *Joel!* Hurrah!" for slashing their horses into a furious gallop the Richmond Howitzers hove in sight. The *Bill* was my husband, William H. Lyne, who is named among those who surrendered with *Gen. Robert E. Lee*; and the "Joe" was his dear comrade, *Mr. Fourqurean*, of Richmond. How they loved the flag!—the flag of which Father Ryan wrote: "It is wreathed around with glory, and will live in song and story—though its folds are in the dust."

During the war, Father Ryan frequently preached in Richmond at St. Peter's Cathedral, and there was a deep mysticism about his sermons, for he felt the burden of war; and I shall never forget his quoting: "Far out on the ocean are billows that never will break on the beach. And I have heard voices in silence too lofty to utter in speech," which is one of his rare pearls in the rosary of his lofty idealism and patriotism.

In making the statement that South Carolina girls at the Richmond Female Institute unfurled the first Confederate flag to float over a building in the city, I do not forget that young Crenshaw, whose father's home became the White House of the Confederacy, made a Confederate flag and put it up over the stable in their backyard; but this received no official recognition, as he was a mere lad, enthusiastic, boy-like, for his native State. However, when our governor, known as "Extra Billy" Smith, sought for a flag to wave over the State Capitol, Col. George Wythe Munford had his daughter to comply with the request; and she nearly sewed holes in her fingers making it out of bunting that had run the blockade, for the artist who painted this flag had literally dabbed on the turpentine, hence it was very stiff. At the surrender, when our loved emblem was lowered, a soldier from Massachusetts took this ensign with him back to the North, but it has recently been returned to Virginia. Col. Munford's daughter later became Mrs. Talbott, of Richmond. The Munfords were staunch in their allegiance, and are related by marriage to the Rhett, who were most prominent likewise in their love for the Confederacy. Truly, of our dear banners do we feel—

"Nothing but flags, yet they're bathed with tears,
They tell of the triumphs of hopes and fears;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear flags come home again."

It is not the purpose of this article, as I near the sunset of life, to rehash sectional bitterness, yet, as has been truly said: "The North first made money, then *morals*, out of slavery." I simply wish to go on record as stating that through divine providence, the bringing of the blacks in Yankee clippers and their being sold in the Southland, where climatic conditions made it possible for them to live, and where the development of the country called for *labor*, has worked for the Christianization and the elevation of the negro race in a manner more prolific of betterment to these Africans than all the missionary efforts ever sent to the Dark Continent. Confederate women all did *social work* in the quarters and taught the Bible in the Sunday schools held in the ginhouses and weaving rooms; where many negroes became earnest, devout Christians; and their loyalty and love were exemplified in thousands of ways to the families of the Southern soldiers who were absent on the battle fields. Nobody ever heard of outrages being perpetrated, though the Southern women were entirely left to the protection of the faithful slaves. This fact is a refutation within itself of the propaganda that the *lash* was the torture of the blacks—for the Southern negro became a gentleman in his manners, as he waited in the dining room or drove the coach. Every Southern hero, from George

Washington to Robert E. Lee, was lulled to sleep in infancy by the spiritual crooning of the old darky mummies. I have known of *cannibals* being brought up the Rappahannock River and sold in Virginia, who tried to eat the little *negro babies* in the quarters; and, of course, they had to be summarily dealt with, which meant they were sent to the sugar fields of Louisi-



WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

The Richmond Female Institute, which later merged into the Woman's College, and from which developed Westhampton College at Richmond, Va., was the first building in the capital of the Confederacy to officially fly a Confederate flag. During the War between the States, this seat of learning was turned into a hospital, and later was seized by the Federal government at the surrender of Richmond. Here many of the noblest women of the Confederacy were educated, among whom may be mentioned Cassie Moncre (Mrs. William Lyne); Kate Wortham (wife of Col. A. S. Buford); the Thomas girls (who became Mrs. J. L. M. Curry and Mrs. Carlyle); and Mrs. Connelly, of Asheville—all of whom moved in diplomatic circles in Washington and abroad.

ana, remote from dwellings, where overseers had to manage them, for their voodooism was not safe for Virginia.

Lord Spotswood thanked God in Colonial times that there were no "public schools" in Virginia; but later, at every home-stead, there was a schoolhouse in the yard, just as there was a "smokehouse" and also an office, where the planter saw his business acquaintances and settled with his "factor," or the person who looked after his affairs. Even in my day, Marion Harland, who was Miss Hawes, of Richmond, afterwards Mrs. Terhune, assumed a *nom de plume* lest she be considered as bold if she took up the pen; and George Egbert Craddock's masculine pen name was employed for similar reasons; while the celebrated Dr. Mary Walker had, even at the North, to secure an act of Congress authorizing her male attire as a nurse on the battle field, since the sixties were not the days of knickers or bloomers, but ladies rode horse back in a flowing skirt and plumed hat, like Di Vernon.

My mother's father had been a captain of the War of 1812, and when she was old enough to wish to learn the alphabet and asked for "a book," he walked to his mahogany secretary, took out "Goldsmith's Greece," and handed it to her, saying: "If you have a mind to learn, a book is a book!" His was the frontier spirit, which bent circumstances to meet necessities; and his death bed was solaced by the presence of that famous Ajax in strength, Peter Francisco, the herb doctor, who, with his own hand, beat off nine of Tarleton's dragoons when that Britisher was raiding Virginia. Hence, the Southern woman was tutored by vicissitudes into that deeper common sense which is the "knowledge never learned of school." It supplied the resolute spirit for the mothers and daughters of the Confederacy.

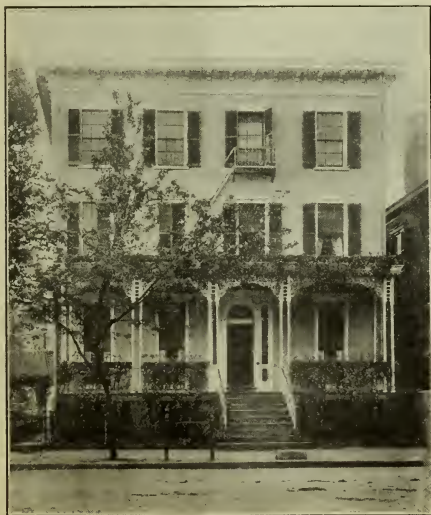
So let the North boast of Whittier, of Beecher, and those other preachers who took Abolition as their text, but south of Mason and Dixon's Line were men whose purity of life and whose messages of hope were equally as conscientious. There was Bishop Polk, himself a graduate of West Point; but my knowledge concerns itself with the memory of men like the sainted Rev. Moses D. Hoge, who delivered the funeral sermon of Jefferson Davis, reading from the text: "Unless the Lord keepeth the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The names of Drs. Minnegerode, Jeter, Norwood, Peterkin, Duncan challenge all time for godliness of life, for truly they were the "school of the prophets." I shall never forget the memorable Sunday when the Pawnee battleship was rumored to be coming up the James River, for Bishop Doggett was taking dinner at my uncle's home and was not forgetful to remind us to "love our enemies." The chaplain of our beloved school was a Northern man, Dr. Lansing Burrows, so when news came of the assassination of President Lincoln, the city of Richmond at once dispatched Dr. Burrows to Washington to inform the authorities that the South had no part in the crime, but deplored this terrible tragedy as the climax to a war where the South had bared its breast to invasion and fought on the field of honor to protect homes, but scorned assassination and the conspirators as utterly beneath the recognition of Virginia's ideals. But, in speaking of the clergy, the name of Pendleton, of the Army of Northern Virginia, must not be overlooked. He was sincere if not eloquent; and in those trying days when Lee was confronting Meade on the Rapidan River, my husband was camped in the county of Orange, and Pendleton preached at St. Thomas's Church in the courthouse of that parish. He tried to impress his hearers with the glory of immortality and the resurrection of the soul. So, most earnestly, he leaned over the pulpit and said, "What would be your feelings and how would you act if, when going out of this holy edifice, you were to find that the graves had given forth their dead?" A pause ensued for dramatic effect, then Gen Jubal Early, who was as

notoriously profane as he was brave, replied from his pew in the rear of the church: "D— it! I would conscript them every one!" The hush that followed was momentous, for General Lee was among those present, yet all realized, as did Jubal Early, that the thin gray line was growing daily thinner.

The Powell School in Richmond, through the aid of the Virginia legislature and the Daughters of the Confederacy, was the building selected as the Home for Needy Confederate Women. In this great work, the wife of the former governor of Virginia, who is now the representative in Congress for the city of Richmond, Hon. Andrew Jackson Montague, has been most efficient. She has been ably assisted largely by the Hebrew ladies of Richmond, who are noted for philanthropy. Thanks to their noble representative in art, the history of the Southern Confederacy is perpetuated by the most beautiful of monuments in Arlington National Cemetery, where beneath his masterpiece, Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, rests in the eternal fame of a New Market cadet and the loving memory of his native State, Virginia. His sisters were my classmates at Mackelvoy's dancing school. They were very beautiful girls, clear of feature, with sparkling black eyes; and their children have been true to the Confederate ideals in assisting patriotic memorials. As I was for some time a vice president of the Confederate Home, I wish to mention that one of our dear old ladies taught Mrs. Montague the "pop-corn stitch" in knitting; and on a trip down the Chesapeake, on the Mayflower, the President's yacht, she showed Mrs. Calvin Coolidge the pattern. She was a most apt scholar, and from this "kneedle work" lesson, Mrs. Coolidge wrote the directions for publication; and donated the munificent sale of the article to the Confederate Home. Though Powell's Seminary was a later institution than our Institute, yet its standard as an educational center fitted Lady Astor for Parliament and was also the *Alma Mater* of Edith Bolling, wife of Woodrow Wilson, our Virginia-born President, who, as the head of Princeton University, and a law student under our John B. Minor of the University of Virginia, found in the charming notes of Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt the culture which his standards required for a helpmeet in the trying days of the world's agony of war.

After the close of the war, as the Richmond Female Institute had been used as a Confederate hospital, it was seized by the Federal government, but in course of time, its doors again swung wide to receive our daughters. The school merged into the Woman's College, and has since grown into beautiful Westhampton College. But I shall always be proud to think that my diploma has on it the signature of James Thomas, of Richmond, who went on Jefferson Davis's bail bond. Be it remembered that Northern critics declared that Mr. Thomas could not write his own name and had to make his mark; but his signature represented one of the wealthiest tobaccoists in the city; and as for refutation of illiteracy, he was the father-in-law of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, our Ambassador to Spain and great educator, ranking high in his work for the South. The motto of our *Alma Mater* read: "That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

In later years, at one of the commencements of the dear old institute, when Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, our author and Ambassador to Italy, was the orator of the occasion, he said: "If the women of the South did not know so very much of ethnology and philology, they knew a great deal of doxology." And that was the balm in Gilead that made the true soldier son of the South, which was learned at the Confederate mother's knee of our glorious Golden Age of high ideals and selfless love and noble patriotism!



HOME FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN, RICHMOND, VA.

BEVERLEY UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE.

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

An expedition that proved disastrous to the Confederates, and likewise for some who were not, was that connected with the occupation of Beverley, Va., now West Virginia, during the War between the States.

At the time of the Imboden raid through Western Virginia (April, 1863), Gen. William L. Jackson, who accompanied Imboden, casually remarked while in Beverley that he was coming back there to spend the 4th of July. Of course, no one took the remark seriously. Although it was commonly repeated afterwards, as well to the Federal commander as others, it passed unheeded. Sure enough, on the third day of July, a Confederate force unexpectedly appeared south of and in the vicinity of Beverley, under the command of Gen. William L. Jackson, who dispatched a detachment under Maj. J. B. Lady on the road leading northward, west of the river to its intersection with the road leading to Buckhannon, in order to cut off retreat in that direction. He having previously dispatched another detachment under the command of Col. A. C. Dunn, by a country road, eastward of the main road, with orders to occupy the road leading to Philippi, northward of Beverley, thus cutting off retreat in that direction. He planted his artillery on the slope of the hill, about one and one-half miles southwest of Beverley, and opened fire on the Federals, who were hurriedly gathered within their fortification. The Confederate guns were of small caliber, and, probably due to inferior ammunition, most of the shells fell short, landing in Beverley.

Col. Thomas M. Harris, of the 10th Virginia (Federal) Regiment, and who at a later period attained unenviable notoriety, as a member of the military court that tried and convicted Mrs. Surratt and sent her to the scaffold, was in command of the Federals. Guards were stationed on all the roads leading from Beverley; and no one—man, woman, or child—was permitted to pass these guards; hence all civilians were confined to the limits of the town and were thereby subjected to the fire of the Confederate artillery. Although this firing continued for a considerable part of two days, no citizens were injured, and but few houses were struck by shells.

It has always been the understanding, which is probably correct, that the detachment Jackson sent to approach Beverley from the north and open the attack, had in the course of their march found a supply of apple brandy; and the detachment became so intoxicated, that they lost sight of and interest in the undertaking. Jackson waited impatiently throughout the first day for the officer in command of this detachment to make the attack, as prearranged. The second day he was still expecting it every moment, but received no intelligence. Along toward noon there appeared, advancing up the valley, west of the river, an army of mounted men, deployed to sweep everything before them. It was Averill's full brigade of Federal cavalry. It was a formidable force. There was but one thing left for Jackson to do—get out as rapidly as possible or be overwhelmed. This he proceeded to do, and accomplished with such skill that he escaped with but slight loss.

Gen. William L. Jackson, while on the bench prior to the war, had held a term of court in Beverley, knew many of the citizens, and was familiar with the country in the vicinity. Immediately following the fight, and while Averill was still in pursuit of Jackson, Colonel Harris dispatched guards through the country north of Beverley, who arrested quite a large number of citizens, all of whom were peaceable, law-abiding men—good citizens. They were marched into Bever-

ley and formed in line near the old courthouse. Colonel Harris then walked along the front of the line and put this question to each one separately: "Are you a Union man?" When the answer was directly in the affirmative, the man was passed. When the answer was, "My sentiments are with the South," or its equivalent, Harris ordered the person giving such answer to take two steps forward. Several of those in line, in reply to the question, stated that they were "Constitutional Union men"; of these latter were Lennox Camden, a brother of Judge G. D. Camden, and Charles W. Russell, the latter, a late leading merchant and well known throughout the county, and who was a Union man. This answer evidently, in the opinion of Harris, did not constitute sufficient loyalty, for in each instance where this answer was given, such person was ordered to take the two steps to the front. When Harris had finished his questioning, there were thirteen in the advanced line. The number in this instance in the course of time proved to be a fruitful exemplification of all that has ever been attributed to it in the way of being an omen of disaster by those given to superstition. The thirteen were immediately sent under guard to the Federal prison at Fort Delaware. The names of those sent were: Lennox Camden, Charles W. Russell, Thomas J. Caplinger, Levi D. Ward, George Caplinger, Jr., Smith Crouch, John Crouch, William Saulsbury, Phillip Isner, Pugh Chenoweth, William Clem, John Leary, and Allen Isner.

The public at the time attributed these arrests to Harris's intense hatred of Southern sympathizers and his chagrin and anger at Jackson's having reached the immediate vicinity of Beverley without his knowledge, and especially as Jackson had made announcement of his intended coming several months in advance; all of which Harris realized constituted a severe reflection upon the commander of the post in not having been more alert, and in allowing himself to be thus surprised; and which, but for the miscarriage of Jackson's orders to Colonel Dunn, would have resulted in the probable capture of himself and his entire command; and also, the further fact that Jackson had succeeded in withdrawing his troops and escaping without material loss, all of which was intensified by the rebuke and criticism administered by General Averill, his superior officer. Averill, being a West Point graduate, had no special admiration for civilian army officers like Harris.

There is little doubt that Harris was smarting under Averill's criticisms, and especially as Averill attributed his own failure to defeat, if not to capture, Jackson's command to Harris's failure to notify him (Averill) in time. Averill, in his official report, says: "Had Colonel Harris furnished me with timely warning of the approach of the enemy, I should have killed, captured, or dispersed his entire command. As it was, he received but a slight lesson."

Later, on several occasions, most strenuous efforts were made to obtain the release of these men from Fort Delaware, where they were dying like sheep. The public generally knew they were innocent of any charge; a number of them were influential men; but all efforts were without avail until virtually half of them had died in prison. When finally the survivors, seven in number, were released, one of them, Lennox Camden, died before reaching home. Another, Philip Isner, died a few days after reaching home. Smith Crouch and John Crouch died very soon afterwards. The three survivors, Charles W. Russell, Thomas B. Caplinger, and George Caplinger, were so broken in health as to suffer from the effects of their incarceration and treatment to the day of their demise.

Harris had, prior to the war, been a country doctor, practiced in Ritchie County (now West Virginia) and later,

located in Glennville in the same State. After he became identified with the Union cause, he became intensely partisan. In those days intense partisanship was the stepping-stone, for many, to promotion. Harris had risen to the rank of colonel of the 10th Virginia (Federal) Regiment, as stated. This regiment contained many good men, and many who detested Harris. His unpopularity was such that while stationed at Beverley, he was shot at one night by some of his regiment, one bullet passing through his whiskers. Of this I was informed by one of his commissioned officers. Elevated to the rank of colonel, Harris seemed to have become obsessed with an exalted idea of the prominence that such an appointment carried with it. He was stationed at Beverley a long time. Having the power of a despot, he was much dreaded, especially as he seemed ever ready to give a willing ear to the unreliable and disreputable who approached him with tales about their neighbors, and which resulted generally in the arrest and imprisonment of those so reported. It would be impossible for me to recall to memory, and I presume it is equally true of others, the number of citizens of the county, or their names, who were, during the war, arrested and sent under guard to the military prisons of the North, many of them by Harris—generally without cause and without any specific charge being made known to them, and many of whom did not live to return to their homes.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF COLONEL STREIGHT.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The account of this prolonged and desperate conflict on the barren mountain of North Alabama has been handed down through several generations. The battle was one of peculiarly weird grandeur. The thunder of artillery, peals of musketry, and the multiplied reverberations from mountain to valley, mingled with sharp words of command, cries of the affrighted and wounded animals, added to which was a splendor in lurid flashes of rapidly served artillery and the blaze of muskets, which excited admiration, even in that moment of fiercest passion.

The Confederate loss was surprisingly light, only a few wounded and four killed. Immediately the pursuit was renewed, and for ten miles the roadway was strewn with saddles and bridles and boxes of crackers, from which the Confederates drew a hasty ration; mingled with all this there was also crockery and kitchen utensils, blankets, shoes, and plated ware, and there were seen, scattered around, embroidered skirts and other articles of female apparel, taken in sheer wantonness, now cast away by the fugitives or dropped from pack mules or from wrecked wagons. The Yankees were evidently demoralized by this time; they thought the devil was after them. All the romance had been knocked out of them; but they had lost no energy.

Biffle was directed to send several men to catch up with the enemy and in the darkness mingle with them, so as to ascertain, if possible, their purpose as to any other stand that night. Meanwhile the Confederates followed some four miles, when one of the men detached returned with the information that Streight stood once more at bay across the road a mile ahead (that man was Granville Pillow, of Capt. John S. Grave's Company, of Biffle's 9th Tennessee Cavalry). I remember with appreciation having been entertained in his father's house the night we crossed Duck River, December 18, 1864, on retreat from Nashville. Generals Forrest and Chalmers had been invited by Mr. Pillow to make their headquarters at his home. I commanded General Chalmers's

escort company, and we slept on the long gallery, holding the reins of our horses.

Moving up with the least possible noise to within a few hundred yards, General Forrest dismounted his men, detached his horses from the artillery, and had the pieces pushed up by hand. Biffle on the left and McLemore on the right of the road approached to within a hundred and fifty yards of the Federals before breaking the grim silence of the night with the crackle of rifle and din of artillery. The enemy broke in wild confusion, leaving many dead and wounded behind, without returning the fire. Swift pursuit was made and some fifty captures, but it was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. A few hours later the darkness had been somewhat diminished by the stars bursting forth after the clouds rolled on. Remounting his men, Forrest ordered the chase to be resumed. Again the way was thick with booty, equipment and abandoned animals, while the woods swarmed with negroes. Men were sent ahead again to intermingle with the enemy, and returned about one o'clock and reported that another stand had been resolved on by the Federal leader, who surely was not wanting in courage. The place chosen was the south bank of a deeply bedded, rugged mountain stream, and very strong.

The Confederates quickly arranged for attack. McLemore was pushed forward across the stream on the right of the road, the horses were again detached from the guns, which were moved by hand up the road to within short range, preceded by skirmishers, who fired suddenly in the direction of the Federals in order to draw a return, so as to reveal their exact locality to the artillerists, who opened with grape and canister, while Biffle poured volleys of Minies into the ranks. Then McLemore on the right joined in the fight. This was more than men could stand, and the Federals again gave way, leaving numerous killed and wounded on the ground. They made off hurriedly in the direction of Blountsville.

It was now about three o'clock, and the terrible din had come upon the people of this isolated section unexpectedly, for the outburst and tumult of the battle storm was the first warning they had. As may be supposed the people were filled with terror. The women with little children fled frantically from their houses and were found seeking shelter, they did not know from what dire peril. Satisfied with the work of the past eighteen hours and sure of the ultimate capture of his game, Forrest halted and awaited daylight, to water and feed and rest his fagged, foot-weary horses, and to overhaul his ammunition and refresh his men. When daylight dawned, the men had been without food for more than twenty-four hours, but cheerfully renewed the pursuit.

Forrest led with his Escort and one squadron of the 4th Tennessee Regiment, and at about eleven o'clock reached Blountsville, where the enemy had halted to rest. The pickets being at once driven in, they set fire to their remaining wagons and some stores. Streight made off due eastward in the direction of Gadsden, without offering to renew the combat. Extinguishing the fire, and replenishing his commissary and ammunition supply from that abandoned by the Federals, with little loss of time, Forrest and his men were again in the saddle. Relentlessly the Confederates followed and overhauled the Federals before they reached the Black Warrior River, ten miles distant from Blountsville, and a running fight occurred. The ford was rocky, rapid, and difficult, but the miscreants, rather than risk another trial of strength, made the venture and plunged in. Before all had crossed, the Confederates were upon the rear and captured several of them, and caused the drowning of several pack mules.

Here a most remarkable circumstance occurred. About a mile before the Confederates reached the Warrior River, they met two young country girls, seventeen and eighteen years of age, leading three horses fully accoutered, and driving before them the former riders, whose guns they carried on their young shoulders. They halted in the middle of the road and asked for the commanding officers.

They stated with much simplicity how they had captured those men. The captives, in extenuation of the situation, said: "We can't fight day and night; we want to rest." The brave girls, little more than children, dressed in homespun and barefooted, but clean and neat, said: "We will go on with you if you want us." General Forrest gave each one a horse, and they went away, smiling and proud. Those girls came from a fine womanhood, we may depend.

A halt was now ordered for five hours, so the men could get a short sleep, and to feed and rest the horses. In the meantime, General Forrest was everywhere looking after the arrangements to go forward. Soon after midnight the Confederates were again in movement, and the enemy, fully aware of the situation, were doing all they could to hamper pursuit. They destroyed a bridge over a creek, the banks of which were high and sheer and difficult to ascend. But little time was lost, and by daylight the Confederates were again in hot pursuit toward Wills Creek, fifteen miles distant, in the southern part of Wills Valley, and coming upon the Federal main force, feeding and resting. Straight, without ceremony, ran away, leaving in the hands of the urgent foe twenty-five prisoners and a hundred negroes, including some who were dressed in Federal uniforms, also an abundance of forage and ten pack mules.

Forrest knew the end was at hand, selected his best horses for his most appropriate guns, and prepared to move for a final struggle, with not quite six hundred men. The other artillery and remainder of the command he sent back to Decatur.

Meanwhile, worn down by three days and nights of riding and fighting, eating little and at long intervals, the Confederates began to show signs of flagging, and many in the last stage of the pursuit had fallen asleep on their horses. Then suddenly there came an inspiration. Several ladies, whose husbands and friends had been seized and carried off by the Federals, appeared and filled the camp with their sad wails and appeals to restore their kinsmen. The appeals had the happy effect to wake the men, and Forrest, taking advantage of the circumstance, called his men in line and made them a stirring address. Few men were ever able to hold the attention and move the spirit of men as Forrest could do in such an emergency. He told them of his confidence and their ability to obtain the objects of their mission and the end of their hardships. Calling for all who were willing to follow or fall in the attempt, the entire command responded with cheers. The women also gave shouts of joy and encouragement.

They moved off in a gallop, the two guns following. They overhauled the Federals about ten o'clock, when Forrest called for fifty of the best mounted men, with whom he and his Escort charged headlong into the rear of the Federal column in the face of a hot fire. For ten miles a sharp running conflict was kept up to Black Creek, where the Federals crossed and set fire to the bridge, which, being old and dry, was consumed before the Confederates could extinguish it. Straight planted his artillery on the opposite bank. Black Creek is a deep and rapid stream and its passage in the immediate vicinity was an impossibility. Forrest was in a predicament, but soon he was approached by a group of

women, one of whom, a tall comely, auburn-haired girl of about eighteen years of age, stepped forward and inquired: "Whose command?" The answer was: "The advance of Forrest's Cavalry." She then requested to have General Forrest pointed out to her, which being done, she advanced and spoke to him in these words: "General Forrest, I know of an old ford to which I could guide you, if I had a horse; the Yankees have taken all of ours." Her mother, stepping up, exclaimed: "No, Emma; people would talk about you." "I don't care if they do," the girls said; "I am not afraid to trust myself with a brave man as General Forrest," her face illuminated with emotion. General Forrest then remarked, as he rode beside a log near by: "Well, Miss, jump up behind me." Without an instant's hesitation, she sprang from this log behind the great man and was ready to guide him under as noble an inspiration of unalloyed courage and patriotism as that which has rendered the Maid of Saragossa famous for all times.

Calling for a courier to follow, guided by Emma Sansom, Forrest rode rapidly, leaping over fallen timber, to a point half a mile above the bridge, where, at the foot of a ravine she said: "This is a safe ford." Then, dismounting, they walked to the river bank, opposite to which, on the other side, was posted a Federal detachment, who opened upon both of them with some fifty rifles, the balls of which whistled about them and tore up the ground in their path as they approached. The intrepid girl stepped in front, saying: "General, stand behind me; they won't shoot a woman!" Gently pulling her aside, Forrest led her to the roots of a fallen tree, where he asked her to remain with the courier until he could reconnoiter the ford. Returning to the position and looking back, to his surprise and regret, she was at his back.

After examining the ford, Forrest was satisfied that he could cross, and returned through the ravine with the girl, an open mark for Federal sharpshooters, whose fire sent whizzing balls about them. Forrest and Miss Sansom returned to the command, who received her with unfeigned enthusiasm.

The artillery was sent forward and a few shells, well directed, quickly drove the Federal guns at the ford away, and Major McLemore was directed to take it with his regiment. The stream was boggy, and steep banks on both sides, so the ammunition had to be taken from the caissons to keep it dry, and it was difficult to force the horses down the steep slopes, all of which consumed time; nevertheless, the passage was successfully effected in less than two hours. In the meantime, General Forrest delivered his fair young guide back safely unto the hands of her mother and presented her with a fine horse. The legislature of Alabama, at a succeeding meeting, donated to Miss Sansom a section of the public lands of the State, as a testimonial of the high appreciation of her services to the people of Alabama, and directed the governor of the State to provide and present her also with a gold medal inscribed with suitable devices, commemorating her conduct. The writer met her at several Confederate reunions. She married the second time and removed with her husband to Texas, but passed away several years ago.

Moving rapidly forward after crossing Black Creek, the Confederates soon reached Gadsden, three miles distant. General Forrest sent a courier to Rome, Ga., to apprise the people of the approach of Straight and to urge every effort to hold him in check before the place until he arrived.

It was Saturday afternoon when the Federals had dashed into Gadsden, to the complete surprise of the citizens and the people from the surrounding country, whose horses were

seized and taken away in exchange for thin, exhausted ones. Here General Forrest selected three hundred of his best mounted men and went in pursuit of the enemy, who had taken the road up the west side of the Coosa River in the direction of Rome. About five o'clock that Saturday afternoon, May 2, the Federals were again overtaken at a small village, known as Turkeytown, and a smart encounter followed.

The enemy had halted to feed, and at the same time attempt an ambuscade in a dense thicket of second growth pines, through which the road ran. There was a bend in the road where the enemy placed a barricade, closing it so that the Confederates would be forced to take across the field over a small bridge, where five hundred Federals were concealed behind a fence, while the pine thicket, through which they were to be drawn, was filled with sharpshooters. The ambush was skillfully arranged, and might have resulted in the capture of the command under any other man but Forrest. The Confederate skirmishers were thrown out in advance of the thicket as if offering battle, and the rest of the command, led by General Forrest, galloped around the Federal force behind the fence and dashed into their flank and sent them pell-mell. The Federals scattered in all directions, leaving some fifty prisoners and as many killed and wounded.

In this engagement, Colonel Hathaway, one of their best officers, was killed, while the Confederate loss was six wounded and two killed.

In the engagement at Turkeytown, Sergt. William Haynes, of the 4th Tennessee, ran into the enemy's line and was captured, taken before Colonel Streight, and questioned as to the strength of the Confederates. Haynes stated that Forrest had his own brigade, Armstrong's and Roddy's, with several others. Streight exclaimed with a fierce oath: "Then they have got us!" During the night Haynes made his escape and rejoined his company, and gave the story he had imposed upon the Federal commander.

It was now dark and the enemy was in full flight. Forrest ordered a halt so that the men he had left at Gadsden might come up. By sunrise, May 3, the Confederates, reduced to five hundred officers and men, were again in motion and, on reaching the bridge over Coosa River, found it in ashes. The men were dismounted and carried the ammunition and pieces by hand, as at Black Creek. When the chase was renewed and the enemy overtaken, about nine o'clock were eating breakfast, which was abandoned, leaving their hot coffee, a number of mules and horses, and saddles and other spoils. The commander, however, rallied them on a ridge in an open field, but his men were greatly discouraged. Detaching Major McLemore to the left flank, and Colonel Biffle to the right flank, while Forrest threatened an advance in front with his Escort and some hundred men, Forrest decided to adopt the policy of crafty Ulysses, rather than the wrathful Achilles. Accordingly he sent forward an officer of his staff, Capt. Henry Pointer, with a flag of truce and the demand of the immediate surrender of the Federal force, as he declared, in order to stop the further and useless effusion of blood.

Meeting the flag, Colonel Streight, asked to communicate directly with General Forrest, and they met in a woods, where a parley ensued. Streight, however, declined to capitulate unless it could be shown to his satisfaction that he was doing so to a force at least equal in number to his own. Forrest replied promptly he would not humiliate his men by any effort to persuade the surrender of a force that they had driven and beaten in every conflict for the past three days. At this moment the section of Confederate artillery came in sight at a full gallop, remarking which, Colonel Streight

urged that no more troops should be brought up nearer than three hundred yards. Forrest assented to the request, at the same time secretly instructed an aid-de-camp to keep the two pieces of artillery moving in a circle, so as to appear like several batteries coming up.

That was done so adroitly by Captain Ferrell that Colonel Streight inquired of Forrest how much artillery he had. "Enough," was the prompt answer, "to destroy your command in thirty minutes." After some further discussion, Colonel Streight, greatly perplexed, lest he surrender to a small force, asked time to consult his officers. Forrest granted the time, but told him if he failed to capitulate, the grave consequences must rest on him.

Captain Pointer, at this, invited Colonel Streight to take a drink before separating, observing that it might be the last that he would ever take. The invitation was pleasantly made and pleasantly taken, and hands were shaken by the parting antagonists.

Colonel Streight rode back in the direction of his line, but soon met a flag of truce on the way from his command, with which he returned to the Confederate quarters. He announced that his officers desired to surrender, which he was ready to do on condition that all were to be held as prisoners of war, and that the officers should retain their side arms and personal baggage. Those terms were granted without discussion.

It was still thought to be necessary to keep the enemy deceived in regard to the actual force that had captured them, and Captain Pointer asked General Forrest what disposition should be made of some three or four imaginary bodies of troops. At the same time, General Forrest explained to his prisoners that as forage was very scarce at Rome, he would send only his Escort and one regiment to accompany them there. Preliminaries being arranged, the Federals lined up in the field, when one thousand seven hundred and forty officers and men and a rifle gun battery stacked their arms. Colonel Streight made a short address to his men, thanking them for their gallantry and endurance, and explained the reasons that caused him to surrender. There were two colonels, one lieutenant colonel, and four majors. The officers were separated from the men, and all were escorted to Rome, some eighteen miles distant, while Colonel Biffle, assisted by Captain Pointer, collected the arms and followed on to Rome the next day. The Confederates in line at the surrender numbered less than five hundred officers and men.

When the prisoners and the Confederate Escort were within four miles of Rome, the high hills which adjoined the place were filled with militia scouts, who evidently intended to carry out General Forrest's request to prevent the enemy from entering Rome. As the Confederates entered Rome with the prisoners, the streets were alive with its citizens, including many refugees from Tennessee, and some two thousand men in hospitals, who turned out to welcome and greet their deliverers. Every honor was given to officers and men and unstinted hospitality, which embraced even the Federal officers to some extent.

Colonel Streight looked like a strawberry patch after the pickers had worked it over and, he must have felt as Eve did the last time she walked out of Eden. There was no more chance of getting away from Forrest than there was hope for the sea and shore to part. Forrest was like a volcano; he had an exceptional power, overpoweringly great.

ADDENDA.

To commemorate the wonderful achievement of General Forrest, the Gadsden (Ala.) Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, erected a splendid memorial on the banks

of the Coosa River, at the end of Broad Street in Gadsden. It stands thirty-five feet high. The base is built of granite, and on top is a life-size figure in marble of Emma Sansom. On one side of the monument, in relief, is a figure of General Forrest on horseback, with Emma Sansom sitting behind him. This relief is about one-third the natural size. On the south side is the following inscription:

"This monument was erected by the Gadsden Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. 1906."

On the east side:

"Our Heroes, 1861-1865. The Confederate Soldiers."

"These were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, and whom defeat could not dishonor. They glorified the cause for which they fought."

The north inscription is as follows:

"In memory of the Gadsden, Ala., girl heroine, Emma Sansom, who, when the bridge across Black Creek had been burned by the enemy, mounted behind General Forrest and showed him a ford where his command crossed. He pursued and captured that enemy and saved the city of Rome, Ga."

Since the erection of the Emma Sansom statue, a magnificent concrete bridge has been built across the Coosa at the head of Broad Street. The bridge cost \$500,000, and has an enormous amount of traffic crossing it. The center line of the bridge, if extended, would hit the Emma Sansom monument, so that the monument serves as a silent traffic cop, keeping traffic always to the right. With such a location, it is viewed by thousands of motorists each day.

Also, a bronze slab has been erected on the banks of Black Creek, marking the exact spot where Forrest crossed. All praise to the noble women who erected these memorials, which bring to us a sad but sweet pleasure, mingled with a melancholy regret for the lives lost on the field of glory. If our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine, and every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

The city of Rome also erected an equestrian statue of General Forrest, and the principal hotel of Rome is called the Hotel Forrest.

There should be an equestrian statue of General Forrest in every town and city in this country. The sight of it would contribute to the quality of American valor, for he was a masterful man.

ARGUMENT.

The merits of this operation are unqualifiedly very great in every respect, and nothing handsomer of its kind may be found in military annals.

In the last forty-eight hours of the expedition, Forrest marched his men, jaded as they and their horses were, fifty ninety miles. The most salutary moral effect that was felt throughout the country was the capture of so many Federal soldiers by so small a force as that which Forrest led. He had averted the widespread destruction of bridges and manufacturing and transportation resources of the State, which were of vital importance to the people.

Forrest led men to whom all honor is due—due for qualities among the least of which we place their intrepidity in combat; men whose acts of individual heroism can make no figure in battle reports; men whose endurance of fatigue and long abstinence from food, combined with their unbroken spirit, were indeed marvelous. The pursuit and capture of Colonel Straight will give a just conception of the distinctive traits of General Forrest both as a man and a soldier. His tactics, intuitively and with no knowledge of what other men

had done before him, were those of the great masters of the art—that is, to rush down swiftly, thunderously upon his enemy with his whole collective strength. Fortitude, animal courage, and vitality of body gave him his energy and celerity in action, while all was guided by a judgment and conception rarely at fault.

He was essentially as daring a cavalry leader as ever gained distinction. A few years ago I met in the Pantheon in Rome the general who commanded the Italian cavalry, who was much interested when I told him I had served under General Forrest. We conversed through an interpreter. He said: "Forrest was the greatest soldier of all time except Napoleon." I replied: "If Forrest had been in command of the French army at Waterloo, the map of Europe would have been different."

I am proud to have known General Forrest, proud to have served under him, and proud and thankful to be able to tell of his wonderful qualities. I drop a tear to his memory and to the matchless men who followed him.

AT BEAN'S STATION, TENN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

On the 14th of December, 1863, there was fought at Bean's Station, Tenn., a little battle, which was so mismanaged and devoid of any practical result that General Longstreet preferred charges against a couple of his brigade commanders for "lack of energy" and failure to carry out his plan of attack and pushing the attack to a conclusion. As a "spectator" in the main event, I have always believed he was justified in condemning the inactivity and "lack of energy" exhibited by the commanders involved. (See Longstreet's report on his "East Tennessee Campaign," in Official Records.) The forces opposed to him consisted of fifteen regiments, three of which were cavalry—the 4th, 5th, and 6th Kentucky, under Col. G. T. Shackelford (6th Kentucky), and twelve regiments of infantry, and several batteries. The whole under Major General Parke, though we were under the impression that we were opposed by Gen. Gordon Granger at the time, and until a long time after. In addition, they had as supports coming up from Blain's Crossroads, Haskell's Brigade of four regiments of infantry, but which did not arrive in time to avail them. This command was diverted to the right and took up a position of defense in a gap in the ridge known as "The Knobs," and about two and one-half miles in the rear of their line of battle. And it is with this brigade that we had to deal late in the evening, which is part of another story, but not disconnected with Longstreet's affair entirely, rather in part with it.

On the 10th we had had a brush with Garrard's Brigade, near Russellville, during a snow storm, and had worsted them slightly. On the 14th we crossed the Clinch at Evans's Ford and took the road to Bean's Station, and when near the ridge (the Knobs) heard the firing of artillery, beginning at the station. We were halted before going through the gap, and, after a short halt, the head of the column was turned to the left on a road leading along the foot of the ridge, my regiment (the 6th Georgia) in the lead. We had progressed but a short distance (apparently) when the head of the column was turned up the hill diagonally, until we reached the top of what appeared to be the highest peak of the knobs overlooking the valley, and about a half mile in the rear of the Federal battle line, a part of which (the right) we could not see owing to a projecting spur of the ridge, from which a full view of the whole scene and the valley for several miles either

up or down could be had. Of our own line we could see little or nothing.

The Federals were lined up at a fence, which appeared to extend from the foot of the knobs to the foot of Clinch Mountain, cut only by the main valley road. With little labor we could have planted our battery on that projecting spur, and—well, anyone having any knowledge of a plunging fire's effects from a near rear, can form a pretty accurate estimate of what the results would have been. But nothing of the kind was done, and I feel positive that the Federals never suspected the presence of an enemy force almost in their rear, and, at the least, two hundred and fifty feet above them, and beyond their reach, practically. The ascent from our side was easy, through open timber, whereas, on the valley side, the hill sloped down at about from fifty to sixty per cent, a hard climb for any attacking force. We missed a great chance there. Though we could see every discharge of the Federal guns near the main valley road and beyond, we could barely hear any sound whatever—and of rifle fire none whatever. Of our own guns, they were out of sight and all sound.

After probably ten or more minutes of "observation," we descended to the road again and proceeded down it to its junction with the road leading through the gap in the knobs to Byrd's Mill on the river. We were in no hurry, it appeared. Why? If the intention was to go through the gap and make a demonstration in their rear, we were very leisurely going about it. Arriving at the foot of the gap and ascending to a bench on the hillside, we found the gap occupied by our friends the enemy, a brigade of infantry, Haskell's. Dismounting at the foot of the ridge, two companies, A and G, were sent up to the bench, as skirmishers under Captain Lay, of G Company, in all eighty-three men. We ran up in a double quick and deployed on each side of the road, G on the left, along the lower fence of a corn field which covered the bench and extending far to the left, and to the foot of a high point on the left, along which extended the upper fence. The field was about three hundred yards wide, more or less. We found that the enemy held the upper fence, and no doubt extended into the woods on the upper side of the road. Their position was possibly twenty-five to forty feet higher than our own, a decided advantage, with an open field between us. As soon as we appeared, bullets began to whistle around us, many striking the rails, but most of them went too high to do any damage. We replied, to the best of our ability, with the advantage in our favor, firing up hill, with what effect we could not judge. But soon we learned to estimate the number of our foes and to realize what we were up against. Two small companies, on the one side, and a double line of infantry extending far beyond our left behind the fence. No doubt they were there simply to hold the gap, so as to protect the rear of their force at Bean's Station. They held it, principally because we did not invite them to leave.

There was a reason for the latter course, since two of our regiments had been detached. In fact, I can recall but two regiments (1st and 6th) being present, and the force they developed and the strong position they held would have made any attempt on our part to dislodge them presumptuous, to say the least. They poured a murderous fire down on us, but we had drawn back from the fence into the edge of the timber and took refuge behind the largest of the trees; and as long as we did not expose ourselves needlessly, we were in no danger. However, we sent them back as good as we received, comparatively. But the fun of it (and it was funny) was when we heard one or two of their officers, presumably, order a "charge!" Not to be outdone, we shouted back: "Charge, 6th Georgia! charge!" to every call of the enemy

to charge. I never had heard bullets strike with such a vicious spat, spat as when they struck a tree. It seemed as though coming down hill gave them much greater velocity than if projected from the level—point blank. To have accepted their challenges, to "come out into the open and fight like men," would have been suicidal on our part. We could see what was before us, and as they could judge how many men we had behind our two hundred yard long skirmish line in the woods, they made no attempt to rush us. Their incessant firing prevented us from exposing ourselves. Not so foolish we, eighty-three men only, and four regiments of them.

The firing kept up until dark night had settled down on the hills, and a deep gloom pervaded the valleys, and we could fire only in their direction and position, guided by the flashes from their guns. By seven o'clock, approximately, all firing had ceased on both sides, and we retired to the foot of the ridge and "lay on our arms" without fires. Although we were engaged at least two hours, and at least 25,000 shots were fired at us, we had but *one man* wounded and one horse killed. What the enemy's loss was, if any, we never learned.

Now comes a little adventure of quite my own. I had not had a drink of water since early in the day and was very thirsty, "dry as a sponge," so as soon as we got down into the valley, and before I had found my horse, I began to look for water—a well, riverlet, run, or creek. All cantens were empty. Starting out on a hunt through a low-hanging mist that rose from the damp ground after a warm day's thawing, and a gloom that was almost impenetrable, I stumbled into what appeared to be a dry run. No water there, but the promise of a pool lower down. I decided to follow its course down until I came to water, if any was to be found. After stumbling along the dry course for nearly a hundred yards, as a near guess, my foot struck a very soft spot, very damp. Edging along cautiously, feeling along, I caught a gleam of water. Putting my hand down, I assured myself that it was a very shallow pool of yellow water, and thicker than the water we had waded through that morning when we forded the river. What matter of that? It was water anyhow, even if a bit muddy. Laying my rifle on the bank, I stooped down and, making a scoop of my two hands, scooped up a double handful of the "thicker than water" liquid and took in a big swallow. One swallow was enough. Ugh! I can taste it yet after sixty-four years. The mud in it was not much worse than the "Big Muddy's" (Missouri); but the taste? Ah! that was something else. But I kept it down. I had a stout stomach in those days.

The following morning early we became aware that the gap had been evacuated, that the main body had withdrawn from before Bean's Station, and had retreated toward Blain's Crossroads. We followed at a leisurely pace, and late in the afternoon came up with their rear guard pickets, with whom our advance exchanged a few shots, and they fell back on their main line, which extended across the valley and up the side of Clinch Mountain. That night they built fires along their whole line, even to the top of the mountain, which was simply a blind, as the next morning there was not a bluecoat in sight. My regiment was in reserve and not at all engaged in any of the skirmishing subsequent to our little affair at Richland Gap on the 14th—Richland Knobs. General Park retreated to Knoxville, and Longstreet retired to Rutledge and Rogersville, and shortly afterwards was recalled to Virginia and rejoined General Lee's army.

THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY.

BY JUDGE GLENN H. WORTHINGTON, FREDERICK, MD.

In order to understand the significance and importance of the battle of Monocacy, it is necessary to bear in mind the situation of the two great opposing armies at that time, the Union army, under the command of Gen. U. S. Grant, and the Confederate army, known as the army of Northern Virginia, under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The battle of Monocacy was fought on Saturday, July 9, 1864. At that time Grant was besieging Petersburg, with the capture of Richmond as his objective, while General Lee was defending Petersburg as the vital outpost of the Confederate capital.

In order to gather together a superior force in the siege of Petersburg, Grant had drawn practically all the Federal troops from the defenses around Washington City to join in that siege. Those remaining to defend the city consisted of "a portion of the Veteran Reserve Corps, War Departments Clerks and Citizen Volunteers," wholly inadequate to the defense of the city, as stated by Gen. Lew Wallace, in his autobiography.

"That is to say, eight or nine thousand inefficients were in the works proper, ready upon alarm to take to the guns and do the duty of forty thousand trained specialists, supported by a medley so half pledged and shadowy as to be a delusion and a snare to everybody not an enemy."

The defenses of Washington consisted of fifty-three widely separated forts within the perimeter of about thirty-five or forty miles, and to properly man these defenses a force of at least forty thousand trained soldiers was deemed necessary. (See report of Gen. J. G. Barnard, 1871.) This defenseless condition of the Union capital was brought about by Grant's assurance to President Lincoln that in case of necessity he could send troops by transport up the bay from City Point, on the James River, near Petersburg, to Washington in time to repel any attack upon that city; that transports sufficient to carry an army would be kept under banked fires ready for quick movement. Prior to March, 1864, when Grant took command of the Union army, President Lincoln had always insisted upon a sufficient force being maintained around about the capital in these several outlying forts to fully protect the city, but Grant's assurance that he could, upon notice, get troops to Washington within thirty-six hours, had caused him to yield to the General's request so as to gather all troops possible to the siege of Petersburg.

In June, 1864, Gen. David Hunter was threatening Lynchburg with a considerable Union force. In order to prevent the capture of Lynchburg with its stores and supplies for the Confederate armies, General Lee sent Jubal A. Early, with a force of about 25,000 men, to attack Hunter, and if possible to drive him out of the Valley. This Gen. Early accomplished, driving him in a northwesterly direction into the mountains. Unfortunately for the Union cause, General Hunter was unable to give battle to Early's forces because of a want of ammunition, and consequently he had "no choice of route for his return but by way of the Gauley and Kanawha Rivers, thence at the Ohio River, returning to Harper's Ferry by way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A long time was consumed in making this movement. In the meantime the Valley was left open to Early's troops, and others in that quarter, and Washington also was uncovered." (Grant's Memoirs.)

Being aware of the unprotected condition of the Federal capital and also of Baltimore City, General Lee directed General Early to march down the Shenandoah Valley, to cross the Potomac into Maryland, and to proceed against Washington. Early thereupon moved his forces across the

Potomac at Shepherdstown and Williamsport, and marched toward Washington by way of Boonsboro, Middletown, and Frederick.

On March 12, 1864, Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace had been assigned to the command of the Eighth Army Corps, U. S. A., of the middle department, with headquarters in Baltimore. The troops under his command were not more than 2,500, and were largely inexperienced in warfare. About July 5, General Wallace received information that General Early was advancing in force down the Shenandoah Valley, headed toward Shepherdstown and Williamsport, with Washington or Baltimore apparently as his objective. Thereupon General Wallace began to concentrate his small forces at Monocacy Junction.

On the 5th of July General Wallace went from Baltimore to Frederick Junction (also called Monocacy Junction), and established his headquarters first in the blockhouse on a bluff at the eastern end of the railroad bridge. Subsequently he transferred his headquarters a short distance across the railroad tracks to a small dwelling house on the south side of the railroad. From that place he directed the operations of the forces under his command before and during the battle.

Hearing that Col. David D. Clendenin, in command of about eight hundred Union cavalry, was scouting in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Monocacy, General Wallace sent a messenger to him requesting him to report at his headquarters. Colonel Clendenin arrived before daylight on the morning of July 6, and was ordered toward Frederick and Middletown to ascertain if the enemy was in sight, and to hold him in check as long as possible. Colonel Clendenin took his force of cavalry up the National Pike as far as the top of Catectin Mountain, from which vantage point he saw a body of Confederate cavalry, under the command of Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, coming from the direction of South Mountain and Middletown. There was a slight clash between these two opposing cavalry forces, but Colonel Clendenin finally fell back toward Frederick, where he took a stand west of the city.

Gen. Wallace sent forward other troops to support him, and on the 8th there was an interchange of cannonading between the opposing forces, and shots were also fired by the infantry. A larger Confederate force was then seen coming over the mountains west of Frederick, and on the night of the 8th of July, General Wallace ordered all his forces to retire from Frederick to the east bank of the Monocacy River. During the night he made preparations for the battle, which he was certain would ensue on the following day.

The Monocacy River flows in a general southerly direction, with many bends and curves, and finally empties its waters into the Potomac River, ten miles below the iron bridge at Frederick Junction. On the eastern bank (above and below the iron bridge), there are bluffs of hills extending along not far from the river, and at places there are somewhat similar bluffs or hills on the western side of the river a little distance therefrom, with a valley between. Leading out of Frederick in a southeasterly direction by divergent courses, are two great highways, the one to Baltimore and the other to Washington, which cross the Monocacy River about three miles from Frederick, the crossings being about two and a half miles apart. The bridge over the Monocacy on the Baltimore highway is a stone structure and known as the Jug Bridge. At the time of the battle of Monocacy, the bridge carrying the road over the Monocacy on the Washington highway was a long wooden structure, weather boarded and covered with a shingle roof. The Jug Bridge is about two and a half miles upstream or north of the wooden bridge. Besides these

bridges over the Monocacy there was a ford upstream from the Jug Bridge known as Hughes's Ford, another ford about three-fourths of a mile south of the bridge known as Crum's Ford. A little farther south going down stream was another ford known as Reich's Ford. The next crossing south, scarcely a mile away, was the railroad iron bridge already mentioned. The B. and O. Railroad from Baltimore crosses the Monocacy westerly on that bridge, and then turns in a southerly direction and runs along about a quarter of a mile west of the Monocacy River for a considerable distance, then, leaving the river more to the south, runs on southwesterly to Point of Rocks, and then up the banks of the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and beyond. A few hundred yards south of the railroad iron bridge was the wooden bridge, on the road to Washington. About one and one-half miles south of this wooden bridge was still another ford that figured in the battle, which may be designated the McKinney-Worthington Ford. Here it was that the main Confederate army crossed just before the heat of the engagement which occurred on July 9, about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Not knowing which one of these two great highways General Early's forces would take, nor which large city, Washington or Baltimore, was his objective, but surmising it was Washington, General Wallace placed all of the forces of the Eighth Army Corps under the immediate command of Gen. E. B. Tyler, who was already on the ground, and directed him to occupy the hills and bluffs on the east bank of the Monocacy, his line facing west, and extending from the railroad tracks northerly to the Jug Bridge and beyond, a distance of two and a half miles, thus preventing as far as possible any effort on the part of the Confederate forces to cross the Monocacy in case General Early should attempt to march upon Baltimore. This army under Gen. Tyler thus guarded the railroad iron bridge, Reich's Ford, Crum's Ford, the Jug Bridge, and Hughes's Ford.

Gen. Tyler sent Col. L. Allison Brown, commanding the 144th and 149th Ohio Volunteers, to the Jug Bridge to defend it from Confederate attack, and Colonel Brown ordered his forces across the bridge to the bank to occupy the rising ground on that side. Considerable skirmishing took place between this force and a force of Confederates sent to demonstrate against it. There was also skirmishing in the neighborhood of Crum's Ford, and farther down the river, but the main battle, or the real battle, occurred in the afternoon between the forces of Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. James B. Ricketts, on the east side of the Monocacy south of the wooden bridge.

In the meantime, General Grant, besieging Petersburg, Va., had ordered a division of the Sixth Army Corps under James B. Ricketts to proceed up the bay for the purpose of defending Washington or Baltimore, as the case might be, from any possible Confederate attack. Very fortunately for General Wallace, General Ricketts arrived at the former's headquarters on the east bank of the Monocacy late at night on the 8th of July, with 5,000 seasoned troops under his command, consisting of the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps.

After a conference at Wallace's headquarters, General Ricketts was ordered to station his troops on the hills and bluffs on the east side of the Monocacy, facing west and extending southwestwardly from the old wooden bridge, thus to hinder and impede any attempt of the Confederate forces to cross the Monocacy and march upon Washington in case that should be their objective. General Ricketts' line of battle was a mile or more in extent, his right resting on the hill close to the wooden bridge over the Monocacy River on the Wash-

ington highway. His left was some distance back from the river, perhaps a distance of a mile or more, his lines running southwesterly somewhat obliquely from the course of the Monocacy at that place past the Thomas house and barn. He had strong picket lines out across the long covered bridge, near a blockhouse which stood on the west side of the Monocacy close to the highway and not far from the small wooden bridge over the railroad; and squadrons of cavalry were nearer to the Monocacy River farther down. Between his main line of battle and the Monocacy River was located the farm then owned and occupied by Mr. John T. Worthington. The dwelling house was of brick, with a good cellar under the whole building. The land upon which Ricketts' army was drawn up belonged at that time to C. Keefer Thomas. The dwelling house on that farm was also of brick, with a cellar under a portion of it, at least. These two farmhouses were located about half a mile apart, the Worthington house being nearest the Monocacy. The Confederate forces participating in the main fight, at the beginning of the battle, in a general way, occupied the Worthington farm, while the Union forces occupied the Thomas farm, a considerable portion of the two brigades of Union forces being hidden behind the division fence between the two farms. This division fence runs in a straight line for several hundred rods in a southwesterly direction, and behind this fence was concealed in part the front line of the Union army when McCausland's dismounted cavalry made its ill-starred attack. Once or twice the Confederates were forced back past the Worthington house, and the attacking Union forces occupied the premises for a while, to be in turn driven back by the Confederates.

On the morning of July 9, the Confederate forces under General Early were in full possession of Frederick City and the surrounding country. He sent forward some pieces of artillery toward the Federal line at Frederick Junction. About nine o'clock, a rifle gun posted on a hillock near the Crnise house, one mile east of Frederick, fired the first shot directly upon the blockhouse on the east bank of the Monocacy at the railroad bridge. This shot mortally wounded two men of the 151st New York Regiment, and in a little while several more men were killed or wounded in the 8th Pennsylvania Regiment. A little later, certain forces of the Confederates took possession of a barn on what was known as the Best farm, located a short distance from the Monocacy River, on the west side, not far from the wooden bridge, and sharpshooters from that barn made it very uncomfortable for the advance guard, or picket line, of the Union forces stationed on the west side of the Monocacy near the blockhouse, on that side. This picket line consisted of about three hundred men commanded by Capt. George E. Davis, of Company D, 10th Vermont Volunteers. Besides his own company of seventy-five men, there were two companies of the Potomac Home Brigade, under Capt. Charles J. Brown, and one company of the 9th New York Heavy Artillery. About noon a well directed shell from one of Alexander's pieces on the east bank of the river hit the Best barn, setting it on fire and burning it down, thus driving the Confederate sharpshooters from that point of vantage. About this time—that is, about noon—Gen. Lew Wallace, through his field glass, saw approaching in the distance, from toward Frederick, a considerable force of Confederates under General Ramseur, and believing that the object of this force was to cross the wooden bridge over the Monocacy, he ordered kindling and lightwood piled up against the walls of the bridge and set on fire, the bridge being completely consumed.

Except for this advance guard near the blockhouse on the west side, General Ricketts' men had not yet been engaged,

but they stood in two or three lines, about five thousand of them, awaiting the onslaught which they were sure was coming.

Meanwhile, Gen. John McCausland, commanding a regiment of Confederate cavalry about twelve hundred strong, at near eleven o'clock in the morning, marched from Frederick out the Washington road for a distance of about two miles, and then across the fields to a position on the west bank of the Monocacy, directly west of the Worthington house and about five or six hundred yards therefrom. In this position McCausland's troops were hidden from the view of the enemy by the thick foliage of the trees and bushes which grew at that place along the banks of the Monocacy. While in that position, he caused two-thirds of his cavalry to dismount, the one-third remaining being required to hold the horses of those who dismounted.

This dismounted cavalry, about eight hundred strong, then waded the Monocacy, which is somewhat shallow at that place, and formed in line of battle in one of Worthington's fields, then moved forward toward the enemy's line posted along the dividing fence between the Thomas and the Worthington farms. The field nearest to the enemy through which the Confederate dismounted cavalry had to advance was then in growing corn about waist high all over the field. Lying down behind the dividing fence, and hidden from view by the growth of corn in the field, were parts of two brigades of Ricketts' seasoned soldiers.

The only man on horseback was General Ricketts himself, sitting quietly and soldierly on his horse a little back from the line. His officers, having dismounted, were standing by their horses. Toward these horsemen McCausland advanced his line through the cornfield, with banners waving, in a general feeling of an easy victory prevailing. Onward they went through the corn, drawing nearer and nearer to the enemy, neither side firing a shot, until the Confederate line had reached within less than one hundred and fifty yards of the division fence. Then, at the word of command, the whole Federal line of infantry rose to their feet and, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, fired at the approaching enemy a murderous and disastrous volley. Scores of men were killed and wounded, and many horses ridden by officers were shot and mortally wounded.

The whole force suddenly disappeared from view except the few officers remaining on horseback. The survivors retreated precipitately back to the Worthington house and beyond, pursued by the blue-clad Federals. Mr. John T. Worthington, who witnessed this attack and repulse, stated that he never saw such a terrible sight as an army shocked and frightened as this one was. The men dragged their muskets by the muzzle, shirt collars were open and their faces depicted the greatest terror. After great effort, with many threats and oaths, the officers finally succeeded in arresting the men in their flight, but the latter declared that they had been led deliberately into a deadly ambush.

It was some time before those that were left could be gathered together and form line again; and finally, when this was accomplished and another second attack was attempted a little to the right of the first, they proceeded much more cautiously than before, not approaching so near, and retiring when they were met with the fire of the enemy again. Often and again these men demanded to know: "Where in hell is Gordon?" They had expected that General Gordon's brigades would arrive much sooner than they did. In fact, his forces were considerably delayed in crossing the river and getting into position for the main attack. Though McCausland's dismounted cavalry were twice repulsed with severe

losses, yet his attack disclosed the position of the enemy and in a manner opened the way for the real attack by General Gordon later on.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding one of Early's divisions, marched out of Frederick along the highway leading to Washington until he reached what is known as the Sand Hole, or Buckeystown road, which branches off about one mile from Frederick in a southerly direction. He followed that road about three and a half miles to (what is known as) the McKinney farm, just across Ballenger Creek. Here he turned his division abruptly to the left and, first crossing the railroad, crossed the Monocacy River at the McKinney-Worthington ford. This was not a public ford, but the water there is shallow and the place had been used at different times as a fording place. The Worthington meadow, which lies along the eastern bank of the Monocacy at this crossing place, afforded a fine field for General Gordon to maneuver his men into position. The meadow there is quite extensive and level and was well protected from the view of the enemy by the higher ground that lay between his forces and those of the enemy posted in the fields of the Thomas farm, and in the cuts of the Georgetown road, beyond.

Having gotten his forces across on this meadow, General Gordon disposed of his several brigades in order to make the principal and decisive attack of the day. General Evans, in command of one brigade, was directed to go by the right flank. General York, in command of two brigades (Hayes's and Stafford's) was ordered to form on the left of Brigadier General Evans, and Terry's brigade was directed to move in support of the left of the Confederate line. These dispositions being made, the whole command was ordered to advance in echelon by brigades from the right. Evans advanced across the fields of the Worthington farm toward the left of the Federal line, York advanced toward the center of the line, while General Terry bore up the east side of the Monocacy River to the left of York's line, his general direction being toward the big wooden bridge on the Georgetown road more than a mile distant. Evans's Brigade was the first to come in contact with the enemy. It crossed two fields and came to a knoll or end of a large hill, known as Brooks's Hill, wooded on the west side but cleared on the east. The Confederate right wing marched up the hill through this woods and came out in the open in full view of Ricketts' left wing, and within a short distance of his line.

The Confederates moved spiritedly, with their usual rebel yell, but were met with a storm of bullets and shell which played havoc with their front line, General Evans himself being severely wounded and falling from his horse. I have heard it stated that as many as fifty Confederates were killed and two hundred wounded on this hillside within fifteen minutes after this engagement began. For a time this advance was checked and the Confederate forces thrown into disorder. About this time, General York's Louisiana brigades, occupying the center of the Confederate line, had passed the Worthington house and on through the same corn field in which McCausland had met such disaster, and had come in contact with the center of the line in Thomas's field. Here again the fighting was severe. York's brigade, in cooperation with Evans's brigade, moved forward, however, with spirit and drove back the Federal first line in confusion on its second. A spirited charge on this second line drove it back toward the Thomas house and lawn and into the cuts of the Georgetown road. Here it made a most determined stand.

At this junction, General Gordon started a courier for additional forces, but before the message could be delivered, General Terry, moving northerly up the east bank of the Monocacy, in support of General York, came in contact with General Ricketts' right in Thomas's hill field near the wooden bridge. Here another most sanguinary engagement took place. The Federal brigades constituting Ricketts' right wing were largely concealed from view over the crest of the hill and in the depressions made by an old road that formerly ran across this field, and by a post and rail fence. The Confederates, as they came over the crest of the hill, were met by a murderous fire from these half-concealed and protected troops. In an incredibly short time great numbers of Confederates fell, killed outright, or mortally or seriously wounded. The Confederate forces outnumbered the Union, and finally the latter fell back, but they were not yet defeated. By command of General Gordon, Terry then changed front to the right and by a combined attack all along the line the Federals were at last dislodged.

General Gordon, as well as General McCausland and the other officers of the Confederate army, were unaware that the seasoned and veteran troops of General Ricketts had arrived at the battle field during the night of the 8th; and having been told by the people of Frederick that the only forces they had to meet at the Monocacy were the inexperienced and unseasoned soldiers under Gen. E. B. Tyler, they were woefully undeceived upon finding how tenaciously the Union forces held on.

During the battle a number of sharpshooters of Ricketts' command occupied the Thomas house, and in the attack by Evans's Brigade upon the Federal left, Col. J. H. Lamar and Lieut. Col. Von Valkenburg, both of the 61st Georgia Regiment of Evans's Brigade, and both meritorious officers, were killed, as was supposed, by these expert riflemen, Colonel Lamar being shot from his horse as he led the charge. Several other regimental commanders of Evans's Brigade were also mortally wounded. In order to dislodge the sharpshooters from the Thomas house, about four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, a piece of Confederate artillery was planted in the Worthington yard, and shells were thrown across the intervening fields, striking the Thomas house and making great holes in its brick walls, some shells exploding in the upper rooms, thus driving out the Federal marksmen. It was not until then that a final successful advance of Evans's and York's commands was made. It was perhaps after three-thirty o'clock in the afternoon when the real battle began, and it was over by five o'clock. But by all concerned it has always been considered a most sanguinary conflict.

Near the Gambrill mill (a stone structure) a Federal field hospital was set up, and after the battle forty-two dead and wounded lay around the mill and in the yard adjacent thereto. Another Union field hospital was located behind the hill near what is now the George Yaste property, close to where the new concrete highway to Washington runs. Dr. D. F. McKinney had charge of this hospital. A Confederate field hospital was set up near the Worthington house, and many wounded were brought here to be treated and to have their wounds dressed. A number of dead and wounded of both armies, but principally Confederates, lay in and about the Worthington yard, fields, and premises. The same was true of the Thomas yard, lawn, fields, and premises, except that the Union loss was greater there. The Thomas house was very much damaged by the Confederate shell fire. A number of Yankee bullets struck the Worthington house, one entering through a window. In the Worthington cellar during the battle were John T. Worthington and his family, also the

family of Mr. Frank Mantz, who was the B. and O. Railway agent at Frederick Junction, and also several slaves in the Worthington family, who remained faithful to the end.

The severity and bloodiness of the battle is shown in part by the fact that a stream of water which flows through the lawn of the Thomas premises down toward Gambrill's mill, was colored red for a distance of one hundred yards or more by the blood from the soldiers on both sides who fell dying or wounded and bleeding along its banks.

The loss in killed and wounded on both sides was severe. The Confederates lost heavily in officers as well as in men. According to Federal reports, the Federal killed on the field amounted to 123, and the wounded to 603; total, 726. The Confederate killed has been placed as high as 275, and the wounded at 435; total, 710. After the battle the sun was still two or three hours above the western horizon. At that time the dead were being gathered for burial and the wounded were being brought to the field hospitals for treatment. Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, of the 9th Louisiana Regiment, had his upper arm bone shattered by a leaden bullet and suffered great pain. The writer, then a small boy, remembers gathering sheaves out of the wheat field with which to make a pallet in the shade for the wounded men.

The dead perhaps were thickest in the field between the northern end of Brook's Hill and the Thomas house, and in the cornfield where McCausland made his ill-advised attack, also in the Thomas fields near his house, and in the hill field near the bridge where Terry contended with Ricketts' right. There were also dead and wounded on the lands of Mr. Gambrill. The dead and wounded on the line north of the railroad held by Gen. E. B. Tyler were stated to be fifteen and sixty-eight, respectively. The Union army retreated, leaving most of its wounded on the battle field, but after the Confederate wounded were attended to, the Union wounded were also given attention by the surgeons of the Confederate army.

Although the forces of Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace were defeated at the battle of Monocacy, yet the brave and determined resistance which they made to the march of General Early toward Washington no doubt saved the capital city from capture. His advance was delayed by at least twenty-four hours.

Frederick Junction is about forty miles from Washington, and not more than thirty-eight miles, perhaps, from some of the outlying forts. About ten o'clock the day after the battle, July 10, General Early moved his forces along the highway toward Rockville and Washington, but on the 11th, when he arrived in the late afternoon near the outlying fortifications around that city, he discovered that they were well manned by Union soldiers sent up the bay by General Grant from the neighborhood of Hampton Roads and City Point. He states in his report that he deemed it inadvisable to attack the city in the circumstances.

Arriving at Fort Stevens on the 11th of July, General Early says:

"I determined to first make an assault, but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and we knew that the Sixth Corps had arrived from Grant's army, and after consultation with my division commanders, I became satisfied that the assault, even if successful, would be attended with such great sacrifice as would insure the destruction of my whole force before victory could have been made available, and if unsuccessful, it would have necessarily resulted in the loss of the whole force. I, therefore, reluctantly determined to retire."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"For, wrapped in silence and in tears,
And canopied by creeping years,
Forever freed from fury's fears,
Our deathless dead ones sleep;
While o'er their forms the flowerets twine,
And mockbirds sing their songs divine,
And soft and still the moonbeams shine
O'er Southrons whom we weep."

HON. WILLIAM HODGES MANN.

On the 12th of December, 1927, death came suddenly to William Hodges Mann, ex-governor of the State of Virginia, at the age of eighty-four years. He is survived by his wife and one son, with whom he had been practicing law in Petersburg, Va., since leaving the governor's chair in 1914. His last public appearance was on July 30, when, in his gray uniform, he was the principal speaker at the unveiling of the monument to Gen. William Mahone on the Crater battle field.

William H. Mann was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company E—the Petersburg Riflemen—attached to the 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, and he was the last survivor of this company; he was a member of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg, and always had a prominent part in its affairs. At the battle of Seven Pines, he was so severely injured that he could not again render active service in the ranks, but frequently was sent on dangerous and difficult service in the operations around Petersburg, and this service continued to the end of the war. He was often in the Federal lines, sometimes in the Yankee uniform, and made himself so obnoxious to the enemy that he was to be executed if captured.

After the war, he returned to Nottoway County, studied law, and began to practice in 1867. Three years later he was made first judge of that county, and after twenty-two years of service on the bench he voluntarily retired. In 1899, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1909 he was elected governor of the State, which he held four years, then retired to private life and resumed the practice of law with his son at Petersburg, in which he was actively engaged to the day of his death.

William Hodges Mann was born in Williamsburg, Va., in 1843, his father dying when he was an infant. His mother remarried, and he grew up at the new home at Brownsburg, in Rockbridge County, but at the age of fourteen he started out to make his own way in life, and while under sixteen he was serving as deputy clerk of Nottoway County, at Petersburg. From there he enlisted in the Confederate army, and to that city he returned after the close of hostilities. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie Fitzgerald; the second marriage was to Miss Etta Donnan, of Petersburg, who survives him with one son.

Judge Mann was known as a forceful speaker, and that

talent was widely used for the benefit of the Democratic party in Virginia in the days of its greatest need, and of late years he often filled the pulpits of Churches in the city and vicinity. He was a leading member and elder of the Presbyterian Church in Petersburg. His Confederate comrades said of him: "As a soldier, a judge, a senator, a neighbor, a friend, and a Christian gentleman, Judge Mann has measured up to the full standard of all that we would require of him."

MARK T. ALEXANDER.

Mark T. Alexander quietly passed away in Norfolk, Va., on October 30, 1927, and was laid to rest by the side of his parents in the cemetery at Scotland Neck, N. C., the day following, attended by a host of sorrowing relatives and friends.

He was the son of Hon. Mark and Sallie P. Alexander, and was born at Park Forest, the old family home, in Mecklenburg County, Va., on January 14, 1842. When the War between the States came on, he readily entered the struggle and fought through the weary stretch from 1861 to 1865, first as a member of Company A, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, then in Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. On detached service he was at General Fitz Lee's headquarters, remaining there the last two years of the war.

Moving farther south, he lived in Mississippi, and at Louisville, Ky., where he was a loyal member of Elk's Lodge, No. 8. Eleven years ago he returned to Virginia and made his home with his niece, Mrs. J. Tabb Neblett, of Lunenburg County.

Mr. Alexander was a devout and helpful member of St. John's Episcopal Church, Lunenburg County, and gave himself in unselfish service to others. Having no family of his own, he became a true and generous provider for those less fortunate than he, and passed from the scenes of earth held in their love and deep affection.

Thus passed the last surviving member of a long and honorable line of distinguished Virginians and North Carolinians.

"Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

B. C. TARKINGTON.

Booker Charter Tarkington died at his home in Weatherford, Tex., aged ninety-five years. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., July 31, 1832, and moved to East Texas with his parents in 1847, the family settling at Pittsburg in what is now Camp County. In 1861, he enlisted from there in the army of the Confederacy and served throughout the War between the States. He located in Parker County in July, 1865, and this county had since been his home continuously. He engaged in the mercantile business at Veal Station, one of the earliest settlements in the section, later engaging in cattle raising, but returned to Weatherford in 1879 and settled permanently. He was elected to the office of county commissioner, and was a member of the commissioners court at the time the present courthouse was built. Afterwards, he was elected to the office of county treasurer and served three terms in that capacity.

In 1868 Comrade Tarkington was married to Miss Sarah Crawford, who, with three sons and two daughters, survives him.

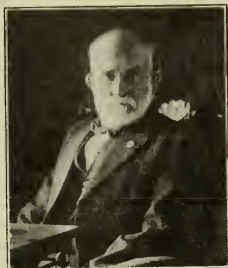
B. C. Tarkington was one of the honored and highly respected citizens of Weatherford and Parker counties. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, of the order of Odd Fellows, and a loyal and devoted member of Tom Green Camp, United Confederate Veterans.

[J. M. Richards, Weatherford, Tex.]

JAMES SAMUEL CLARKE.

James Samuel Clarke, son of Daniel and Ednah Pepper Clarke, for the last fifteen years of his life a resident of Millersburg, Ky., passed to his reward on October 23, 1920, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born in Fleming County, Ky., April 9, 1841, being the youngest, and, for fourteen years, the last survivor of a family of twelve children.

His father, proprietor for a number of years of one of the few inns scattered along the old wagon road which connected Lexington and Maysville, came to the State with his parents, Benjamin and Sarah Jones Clarke, from Fluvanna County, Va., in 1790. The family is related to George Rogers Clarke, pioneer surveyor and soldier.



JAMES S. CLARKE.

Daniel Clarke, his father, was a veteran of the War of 1812. Joseph Clarke, an idolized elder brother, a veteran of the Mexican War.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, James Samuel, the youngest son, being then in his nineteenth year, was left at home with the aged parents, while a brother, Enoch P. Clarke, went with the boys in gray. His heart, however, was with the Southern army, and in 1862 he volunteered for service as a private in Company F, Second Battalion, Kentucky Mounted Rifles. He was with Bragg when the latter invaded Kentucky; was on the raid under Captain Everett from Abington, Va., to Maysville, Ky.; was in an engagement with the 14th Kentucky Regiment between Olympian Springs and Mount Sterling, Ky., capturing thirty-eight men without the loss of a man; guarded the salt works near Marion, Va.; was captured at Triplett's Bridge, Ky., and spent twenty months in prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and another in Chesapeake Bay.

After the war, he turned his attention to farming and stock raising, being a lover of saddle horses. Residing a number of years near Mayslick, Ky., he later went to Bath County to reside, finally locating in Bourbon County, where he engaged in farming to the close of his life. He kept in touch with the issues of the day and took a vital interest in the affairs of the community, State, and nation. Confined to his bed only five days, never helpless, and with no disease rack-ing his body, he "fell on sleep," simply "worn out" in body, as he was wont to say, bowing his head in submission to his Maker's will.

On November 24, 1870, he was united in marriage to Miss Nancy Elizabeth Clift, of Mayslick, Ky., who preceded him in death four years. He is survived by four sons, four daughters, twelve grandchildren, and one great-grandson, who cherish the memory of his quiet, unassuming, yet exemplary life. Courteous and upright of person, as he was also in character, his was a familiar figure as he walked the streets with buoyant step or rode with figure erect at the age of eighty-five, as in the day when he sat in the cavalryman's saddle.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN has been a visitor to his home almost from its beginning, and it was his request that it come to the family as long as it was published. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans, and found his greatest pleasure in later years in attending the Confederate reunions.

He was laid to rest in the family lot in Millersburg Cemetery, the Confederate burial service being conducted by Confederate comrades, who also acted as honorary pallbearers, while a member of the Richard Hawes Chapter, U. D. C., of Paris, Ky., placed a Confederate flag in the casket.

CAPT. JAMES KENNEDY.

Capt. James Kennedy died at his home in Kansas City, Mo., November 3, 1927, aged ninety-one years.

Services were held November 5 in the Independence Avenue Christian Church, which he had attended forty years. His comrades from Camp Number 80, U. C. V., of which he was a charter member, read the ritual at the close of the impressive services, and he was laid to rest, in his beloved gray uniform, in Forest Hill Cemetery, beneath the shadow of the Confederate monument.

Captain Kennedy was born in Jefferson City, Mo., July 9, 1836, and spent his life in this State, except while in Confederate service. His forbears came to America many years before the Revolution. His grandfather, Cornelius Kennedy, fought with Gen. George Washington, in 1776. At the close of the war, he settled in Maryland near Baltimore.

At the first call of his native State, James Kennedy joined the Confederate forces, enlisting at Brunswick, Mo., May 2, 1861, then going to Camp Jackson, St. Louis. He was body-guard to General Frost, serving under Commander John B. Clark, Capt. William Price, nephew of Gen. Sterling Price. Later he was captain of Searcy's Battalion, Tyler's Brigade. He was promoted to the rank of major before the close of the war.

Captain Kennedy participated in these battles: Springfield, first and second battles of Lexington, Independence, Carthage, Newtonia, Cane Hill, Cross Hollow, Helena, Corinth, Miss.; and on October 23, 24, 1864, was on the West-port battle field as captain with six hundred men. After this battle, he retreated with Price to Red River, Ark., where he surrendered in May, 1865.

He was a bachelor. A brother of eighty-five years and a sister eighty years old, nieces, and nephews survive him.

He was a Christian, a soldier, and a gentleman of the Old South.

[Committee: Mrs. Anna Ragan Noland, State Secretary, Missouri Division, U. C. V., Miss Elizabeth Blackburn, Chairman Veteran's Committee, Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]

PHILIP ELDRIDGE.

On October 20, 1927, Comrade Philip Eldridge, at the ripe age of ninety-four years, answered the last roll call and crossed over the river to join the comrades with whom he marched and fought in the days that tried men's souls. In Bienville Parish, La., he joined Company K, 8th Louisiana Cavalry, and was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and all of the other engagements in which his regiment took part. He surrendered and was paroled at Shreveport, La., in May, 1865. In 1867, he moved to Jefferson, Tex., and was in the mercantile business until a few years ago. He was one of the early members of the congregation of Temple Sinai, was a Mason for more than seventy years, and was treasurer of Jefferson Lodge, No. 38, for more than forty years, a good man and true in all of the relations of life. He was one of the original members of Gen. Dick Taylor Camp No. 1265, U. C. V., of Jefferson, Tex., and was esteemed and respected by all of his neighbors.

[Davis Biggs, Adjutant.]

ABNER YARBROUGH.

Abner Yarbrough was born in Hopkins County, Ky., March 26, 1844, and enlisted, October 5, 1861, in Company A, of the 8th Kentucky Infantry, serving under Capt. I. B. Jones. He went through the war and was wounded three times in battle; was mounted in March 1861, and became an attache of Forrest's Cavalry; was paroled May 16, 1865, and returned home, married, and removed to Paragould, Ark., where he died on November 25, 1927, and was laid to rest in Linwood Cemetery at Paragould. He was a member of the Methodist Church.



ABNER YARBROUGH.

Comrade Yarbrough is survived by his wife, two sons, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren, also one brother, Robert Yarbrough, of California.

So far as records show, Abner Yarbrough's death leaves but one survivor of Captain Jones's company, George Wiley, of Hopkins County, Ky.

SIMON BROWN MCCLURE.

Simon Brown McClure, born in the State of Ohio, some seven miles from Wheeling, Va. (now West Virginia), on July 10, 1843, went with his widowed mother and seven brothers and sisters in 1857 to St. Louis, Mo., by water, and from there into the wilderness of Phelps County by wagon. There he lived until the beginning of the War between the States, when he enlisted in Company D, 10th Missouri Infantry, Parsons's Brigade, under General Price. He took part in all the battles of his regiment, and at Prairie Grove battle he was slightly wounded by a spent ball. He was captured at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, and was for several months a prisoner at Alton, Ill., and afterwards was held for twenty-two months at Fort Delaware. When released from prison in 1865, he was a staggering skeleton, but with others he made his way home, subsisting on the charity of a desolated country. At Memphis, Tenn., he received his discharge from the army, with which he had served to the bitter end.

In 1869, Comrade McClure engaged in railroad building in Arkansas, going from there to the Indian Nation, then to Wyoming Territory, where he was employed by the government in transportation work against the hostile Indians, and during the eight years of this work he endured many hardships. He returned to Missouri in 1879 and located on the farm where he spent the rest of his life. In 1880, he was married to Miss Virginia Sturgeon, of Lake Spring, Mo., and five children were born to them. He became a member of the Methodist Church some twenty years before his death, which occurred on December 25, 1924. He was survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, also five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

"Uncle Brown," as he was more familiarly known, was one of the leading citizens of his community, a kind and affectionate husband and father, a faithful Christian, a loyal friend and neighbor.

JOHN W. HEFLIN.

On the morning of October 14, 1927, at Flemingsburg, Ky., a brave private Confederate soldier, John W. Heflin, answered the roll call of Immortals and joined the innumerable phalanx of the South's honored dead.

He was the son of Lawson Alexander and Ann Eliza Heflin and was born at Brandywine, Carter's Run, Fauquier County, Va. In 1863, when seventeen years old, he enlisted in Company A, of Mosby's Partisan Rangers. He was captured in January, 1864, and immediately placed in irons, hand and foot, and so left for forty-six days at Brandy Station, Va., where he was held in a stockade, with no shelter save the canopy of heaven and exposed to wind, rain, snow, and sleet both day and night without either overcoat or blanket. He was sent from there to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C., where he remained four months. Escaping the pestilence of smallpox, of which many Confederate prisoners died at that prison, he was removed to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until June 21, 1865.

In 1874, he went to Kentucky and located at Tilton, Fleming County. On April 24, 1877, he was married to Miss Mildred Robinson, of Montgomery County, and of this union were born five children. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and a daughter, and five grandchildren.

In the winter of 1879 he accepted the position as cashier of the Fleming County Farmers Bank, located at Flemingsburg, to which place he moved his family in March of that year and continued as cashier of the bank until his death.

On Sunday afternoon of October 16, loving friends tenderly bore his body to the silent city of the dead, and he sleeps his last sleep on the hill overlooking the city of his adoption, loved by man and honored by all.

[J. D. Pumphrey.]

WILLIAM C. GRONER.

William Christopher Groner was born in Knox County, Tenn., February 18, 1845. His parents moved to Missouri



W. C. GRONER.

when he was a boy, and from there he entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, and served with Gen. Joe Shelby until the close of the war. After the war, he settled with his parents in Collin County, Tex. Comrade Groner was in every way a typical Southern gentleman and a useful citizen. He was a well-informed man, though largely self-educated, since those years in which a young man usually acquires his schooling were spent in the Confederate service. He was widely read, and could converse on almost any subject of current or general interest.

He was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and in his library were many of the most valuable books treating of the history of the Confederacy and of the war between the sections. He was a patriot tried and true, and never failed in his devotion to the cause to which he gave three of the best years of his youth, and which to him was sacred and holy cause.

On July 2, 1927, he parked his guns of earthly warfare and crossed over the river to rest "in the shade of the trees" with his comrades of other days.

PERE BRUCE YOUNG.

Pere Bruce Young was born at Lovings-ton, Nelson County, Va., on May 6, 1842, and died October 23, 1927, in his eighty-

third year. His parents were Pere Wethered and Sarah Eleanor Perrow Young. From them he inherited many noble traits of character. Deprived of a father's care and guidance when only eight years of age, and his widowed mother being left in reduced circumstances with three small children, his educational advantages were very meager. He attended the old field schools until he was fourteen years of age, when he had to go to work to help support his mother and his two young sisters. He used to say he graduated in the "School of Hard Knocks."

Comrade Young was in government employ at the outbreak of war in 1861, and was exempt from military duty, but, like all youth of that period, he could not be content as a civilian. He joined the 8th Virginia Cavalry, Company B, in the brigade of Gen. William E. Jones, and engaged in some heavy fighting. On June 5, 1864, at the battle of Piedmont, in Augusta County, Va., he was severely wounded just below his left knee. General Jones, who confronted a large army under General Hunter, lost his life in this engagement. Comrade Young was removed from the field to the yard of a home being used as a hospital for the Federal wounded, where he lay on the ground for ten days, when a place on a porch was provided for him. At the request of Rev. Thomas Roberts, a saintly Baptist minister of Nelson County, a good Baptist of Augusta County took the injured youth into his home, and there he lay on his back four months. Then his relatives took him home, but he went on crutches a long time. The wound never healed, and had to be dressed daily for more than sixty-three years, and was primarily the cause of his death.

After the war, Comrade Young studied law under W. C. Carrington (afterwards mayor of Richmond, Va.) and was licensed to practice in 1867. He served his county long and well as justice of the peace, land assessor, supervisor, and member of the House of Delegates. Here he had the unique distinction of having resolutions passed by the General Assembly commending his services and asking his county to return him without opposition. He was the only Confederate veteran in the House, was honored and greatly beloved by his younger colleagues, and was called the "Patriarch of the House." He was lovingly laid to rest in the family burial ground at his home near Shipman, attended by throngs of friends, from every station in life, and many beautiful floral offerings attested the esteem in which he was held. One of his friends in the governor's office said of him: "He was a soldier, a legislator, a gentleman, and a man. He was one who brought down into the present generation that high standard of honor which characterized the men of the Old South." Comrade Young was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is survived by his wife and two sons.



PERE BRUCE YOUNG.

DR. J. K. SIMMONS.

The death of Dr. J. K. Simmons at his home, Woodsdale, on Mill Creek near Nace, Va., April 9, 1927, removed one of the most prominent and beloved citizens of Botetourt County. He was eighty-six years old, and his death occurred on the anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox. He was born December 14, 1840, at his late home, which is probably the oldest house in the county and was built by his grandfather, John W. Simmons, in 1812. With the exception of his four years' service in the War between the States and a few years residence in Rockbridge County, when he first began medical practice, Dr. Simmons had spent his entire life in Botetourt County.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he enlisted in Company A, 28th Virginia Volunteer Regiment, and served through the entire four years. He was wounded seven times and was taken prisoner twice, the last time on the 6th of April, three days before the surrender. He was a brave soldier and was devoted always to the Confederacy and the Southland. His interest in the work of the U. D. C. never wavered. His assistance and knowledge in preserving records have been invaluable, and his presence at the meetings was always an inspiration. He was made an honorary member of the Fincastle Chapter. He not only gave his time and services to his State, but he had three sons in the Spanish-American War, one of whom died in service.

Possessed of a remarkable memory, about a year ago Dr. Simmons wrote a history of the organization and service of his company, of which he was first sergeant, giving the complete roster and even recalling all casualties, promotions, battles participated in, and other minute details. His description of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, in which he took part, is intensely thrilling. The wound which he received at Frazier's Farm was one cause of his death. He was the oldest Mason in Botetourt County and probably in the State, having been a member for sixty-four years.

At the age of four he started to Sunday school, and for many years he taught the Bible to the young men of the county. His death is a real loss to Ebenezer Sunday School, of which he was a dearly beloved member. He had a profound knowledge of the Bible and loved to teach it. He was a member of the Fincastle Baptist Church and for many years had been a deacon, clerk, and prominent member. He was ever a friend to man in his ministrations to the sick, not only in easing pain, but with his prayers.

He was educated at Virginia Medical College, Richmond, and gave his entire life to the practice of medicine. His health beginning to fail about four years ago, he gave up his practice, but kept up his interest in public affairs and community welfare.

He was laid away in the family burial grounds at Amsterdam, Va., by the side of his wife. The active pallbearers were six of his nephews.

Members of the two county Chapters, U. D. C., of Fincastle, and that of Buchanan attended in a body. The services were concluded at the grave with Masonic honors.

As the casket, draped with a Confederate flag, was gently lowered into the grave, taps was sounded and these words fell upon the crowd of loving friends as a benediction—

"Fades the light; and afar
Goeth day, cometh night; and a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all, to their rest."

Dr. Simmons is survived by one brother, Nathan Simmons, a Confederate veteran, three sons, and a daughter, also four grandchildren.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga.	<i>First Vice President General</i>	MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.	<i>Treasurer General</i>
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa.	<i>Second Vice President General</i>	MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.	<i>Historian General</i>
	186, Bethlehem Pike		74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss.	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La.	<i>Registrar General</i>
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>		4620 South Derbigny Street
MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn.	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>	MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.	<i>Custodian of Crosses</i>
		MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md.	<i>Custodian of Flags and Pennants</i>

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is a blessed privilege to be one of the many thousand of this organization with established descent from the most heroic soldiery the world has known. But to be the chosen leader of these women who, while cherishing the sacred memories of a glorious past, build on these memories great possibilities of the future is an honor without equal.

My heart is filled with appreciation for your confidence, and I pray that your faith may be justified.

May each one of us recall the words, and make our prayer the thought of the dear lady in Detroit, Mich., one of our beneficiaries, who wished the convention in Charleston to know that each day she prayed, "God bless the U. D. C."

A beautiful conclusion to the brilliant convention was the service at St. James, Goose Creek, November 20. The sermon of the Rev. Albert Thomas, of St. Michael's, from the text, "Wherefore seeing we are encompassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us," was most inspiring to one wearing upon her breast for the first time the jewel of her official position.

A drive to Middleton Gardens on the forenoon of Monday, as a guest of the Misses Poppenheim, a luncheon at Villa Margherita, as the guest of the Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, and the retiring Registrar General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, was followed by an afternoon devoted to your service.

In accordance with the provisions of our Constitution, the Committee on Finance was elected by the Executive Committee before leaving Charleston. This Committee consists of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., chairman; with Mrs. W. E. Massey, Arkansas, Mrs. Dolph Long, North Carolina, Mrs. John W. Goodwin, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Franklin Canby, Maryland, composing the committee. These ladies of "recognized business ability" will "pass upon all resolutions donating money from the general treasury" and "recommend investment of funds."

Mrs. L. U. Babin, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La., has accepted the position as editor of the U. D. C. Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and it might be well for correspondents in the various Divisions to remember that it will require a somewhat longer period for mail in transit from Louisiana to Tennessee than from Virginia, the home of the recent editor.

Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Civil Service Board, Tampa, Fla., will remain chairman of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women. The happiest duty of the President General has been, and will be, the signing of the monthly checks for these beneficiaries. Thirty-three of these

were authorized for December, the amount being \$20 each, the regular monthly sum of \$15, with an additional \$5 as a Christmas token. A message of cheer and the season's greetings was mailed from this office to each of these ladies in time to reach her Christmas morning.

The Committee on Education will continue to function under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C. Mrs. Wright will have to assist her Mrs. B. B. Ross, Alabama; Miss Mary Carlisle, Tex.; Mrs. D. M. Henderson, N. J.; and Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, W. Va.

Two new departments were created by the convention in Charleston, 1927, the Department of Reference, of which Mrs. Roy W. McKinney is chairman, and the Department of Records, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, chairman.

With these departments in operation, the registration of the U. D. C. membership will be greatly clarified, and the duties of the Registrar General, which had become most onerous, will be much decreased.

With the most profound regret, it was found impossible, owing to office duties demanding immediate attention, for the President General to be present at the ceremonies incident to the presentation of the statue of the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, at Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., on December 8. In compliance with instructions from the Charleston convention, that the interest of the entire organization, U. D. C., in this historic event be emphasized, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, Second Vice President General, was requested to represent the organization, her committee being Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, and Mrs. A. C. Ford, recent U. D. C. Department, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and Past President of the Virginia Division. These ladies placed the floral offering in your name.

In grateful acknowledgment of your loyalty to me, and with a renewal of my pledge of service, cordially yours,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

AN APPRECIATION

In closing her two years' administration of this department, your editor wishes to thank those who have so splendidly assisted her in this work, and who, by their courtesy, faithfulness, and promptness have added so much to the efficiency of this department. She trusts that the same consideration and cooperation will be given her successor, Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Louisiana, to whom all communications should be addressed hereafter.

MRS. A. C. FORD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—"Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee."

Apparently every daughter is back on the job again. From all parts of the State come reports of activity and plans for the coming year.

R. D. Jackson Chapter, Woodlawn, opens her winter's work with a brilliant program. The President's greeting closed with special prayer for Mrs. C. T. Baegle, Honorary Life President, who is critically ill.

Upon adjournment, the official board was hostess at a delightful luncheon given at the Molton Hotel to the veteran's and many visitors present.

William L. Yancy Chapter, Birmingham, held their initial meeting for the season at the home of the President, Mrs. R. G. McCarty, October 12. Miss Foster, retiring Historian, presented the newly elected Historian, Mrs. Robert Erving, a scrapbook of the Chapter's activities during her term of office. New members were welcomed and a long list of names presented for membership. A floral committee was named to send a wreath of laurel at the passing of each Confederate veteran.

Fayette Chapter, on October 1, royally entertained the Confederate veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans in a most enjoyable manner by the presentation of a lovely program fitting the occasion, which was followed by a sumptuous banquet.

General Lamkin, of Jasper, head of Alabama veterans, gave an address, mostly reminiscent, which was interesting and appreciated. Seventeen veterans were present, and a number of the wives and widows.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Ozark, held the first meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. H. L. Holman, Mrs. T. E. Edwards, the new President, presiding. Mrs. Shellie Parker was elected Treasurer and Mrs. W. H. Hunts, Historian. After an interesting program, delicious refreshments were served.

R. E. Rodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, held the first meeting of the season in the beautiful home of Mrs. Charles Maxwell, Sr. There were greetings from the President after a trip to Hawaiian Islands, where she found no U. D. C. organization, but was a guest of the D. A. R. at a luncheon. Mrs. George Daniel gave a very interesting account of the experiences of Mrs. Elizabeth Avery Meriwether (wife of Colonel Meriwether) while in Tuscaloosa during the War between the States. Certificates were issued to a number of new members. Thirty dollars was reported sent to the flood sufferers.

On Raphael Semmes's birthday two Crosses of Honor were bestowed on Veterans Winslett and Jennings. Two days later, at Chapter meeting, Mr. Winslett was guest of honor, dressed in his Confederate gray to acknowledge the appreciation of the bestowal. A certificate of honor was awarded Mr. Hargrove Vandegraaf for his excellent service in the World War.

* * *

Arkansas.—The Arkansas convention proved most encouraging. Reports showed a splendid year's work and a healthy growth in both adult and junior membership, with all appropriations of the year met.

By request of Mrs. Lora Goolsby, chairman of the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, \$100 from the balance of funds in the treasury was appropriated to finish Arkansas's quota for the year. Another \$100 appropriation was granted the Custodian of Flags, Mrs. P. J. Rice, for needed flags and banners.

Several thousand essays were submitted from the public schools and twenty-six prizes were awarded. The educational work, under the efficient chairman, Mrs. Daniel Horn, showed all scholarships awarded and all available money loaned. A pledge of \$100 for the year was added to our Students' Loan Fund by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Blakemore.

The U. D. C. Chapters of Little Rock have just presented, with impressive ceremonies, to their million dollar high school, a portrait of David Owen Dodd, Arkansas's boy martyr. The picture is the work of a member of Memorial Chapter, Miss Mae Danaher, who has made quite a reputation for herself in the artists' associations of the East.

* * *

California.—Los Angeles Daughters are highly gratified by the honorable recognition given our Confederate veterans on Armistice Day. They were invited to attend the ceremonies as special guests of honor of the American Legion. They were present in unusual numbers, and, supported by a throng of Daughters representing our seven U. D. C. Chapters, filled the special section reserved for them in the Coliseum.

Our beloved Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., Gen. S. S. Simmons, fittingly represented his comrades in the review stand for the parade, and later as one of the guests of distinction, being introduced along with the official heads of the various military and veteran organizations, representatives of foreign governments, and Commander of the Western unit of the G. A. R. He was also assigned a place of honor on the staff of Col. Harcourt Hervey, standing second in line of officers for review of "Los Angeles's Own," the 160th Regiment, National Guards.

Through the devoted interest of Lionel West, son of a Georgia veteran and one of the leading young motion picture directors of Hollywood, our Eastern friends will be afforded a screen view of General Simmons and his comrades receiving the greetings of Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy on this occasion.

Mrs. Nita V. Taylor and Mrs. L. C. Lichenstein, two visiting Daughters from Houston, Tex., lent interest to the picture and added to the happiness of the veterans by messages of affection brought directly to them from their Commander in Chief, Gen. J. G. Foster, of Houston.

* * *

Illinois.—Illinois Division held a most successful convention on October 12.

The reports of officers, Chapter Presidents, and chairmen of committees showed marked constructive work during the year, intense interest and loyalty, and a general advance in all the activities sponsored by the general organization.

Every pledge made in Richmond last year had been met promptly, and, in some fields, money in excess of that promised had been donated. This was especially true in Confederate Women's Relief, Illinois Division sending to this worthy cause alone \$137.80. This amount included \$55 from the Dixie Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, instead of the \$5 pledged for them, and \$25 from the Division Treasury. This last was the prize money awarded Mrs. Henry A. Oakley, former Recorder of Crosses, for Illinois scoring the largest per cent, based on membership, in the bestowal of World War Service Crosses during 1926, Mrs. Oakley turning this money back into the Division treasury on October 12, when the convention voted it to Confederate Women's Relief, thus forming "a chain-within-a-chain" "to promote some line of special endeavor in the United Daughters of the Confederacy work."

For our book, "Women of the South in War Times,"

another ten volumes have been ordered, although Illinois Division was quoted "as over the top" both at Richmond and at the Hot Springs conventions.

The Confederate organizations in Chicago are happy this year over the War Departments sending to the University of Chicago, as head of its Department of Military Science and Tactics, Maj. T. J. Jackson Christian, the grandson of our greatly beloved Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson. On Tuesday evening, October 11, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, assisted by the Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a brilliant reception in honor of Major and Mrs. Christian; and on the following day, at our annual convention, Mrs. D. J. Carter, the President of the Illinois Division, presented to Major Christian, in the name of Illinois Division, the U. D. C. World War Military Service Cross.

Small battle flags of the Confederacy were presented to Major Christian, to Mrs. Carter as President of the Division, and to three other members of her Board, these flags being the gift of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Virginia, who sent them, with a beautiful letter of greeting, to Mrs. Carter, for this occasion.

An outstanding feature of the convention was the election of Miss Ida F. Powell as Honorary Life President of Illinois Division, with all the privileges on the Board of an active member; and the election of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, Past President General, as an Honorary Life Member of Illinois Division. Illinois Division has long admired Miss Poppenheim for her sterling qualities and great constructive work, and loved her for her continued interest and kindness to us, and her understanding and appreciation of the difficulties encountered by U. D. C. Chapters located in the North; while for Miss Powell the Division felt that in no other way could they adequately show their appreciation of her long years of devoted service to Chapter, State, and general organization, and their pride in her having held the office of Registrar General of our United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A full compliment of officers was elected for next year, who assume their duties in December, which marks the beginning of the official year for Illinois Division.

* * *

Kentucky.—The State convention of Kentucky Division was held in Louisville, October 18-20, with the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter as general hostess.

The report of Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, State President, showed that much constructive work had been done; a steady increase in membership, with one hundred and twenty-five certificates signed during the year, and wonderful work done along educational lines. Several new Chapters were organized and two reinstated.

Interesting reports of State officers, standing, and special committees were heard, showing that the State is wide-awake along all lines of endeavor. In the afternoon, Mrs. George L. Danforth, State Chaplain, had charge of most beautiful and impressive memorial services paying tribute to those who had passed on during the year. At that time, a flower was placed in a basket on the platform in memory of each Daughter. A flower was placed for Mrs. Yager, the mother of Miss Jessie Yager, notice of whose death reached the convention only a short time before the services.

All delegates, pages, and visitors were guests of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at luncheon on Wednesday, and on that evening the Chapter gave a most elaborate reception to all visitors and members of Confederate organizations.

On Thursday morning at seven o'clock, members of the Quill Club met at the Brown Hotel for a breakfast. This

was arranged by Mrs. W. T. Fowler, chairman of the Quill Club. At that time she outlined the work she had in mind and also brought many valuable papers which members of the club had sent her. These will be placed where they may be accessible to those interested in historical work.

At nine o'clock, more than one hundred daughters were taken in busses to the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, where the Thursday sessions were held in the presence of the wearers of the gray. It was a joyful day for them and one that will always be remembered by those present.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington (member of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort); First Vice President, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington; Second Vice President, Miss Nannie H. Clarke, Millersburg; Third Vice President, Mrs. P. B. Davis, Earlington; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Frankfort; Recording Secretary, Miss Frankie Reid, Hickman; Registrar, Mrs. Stanley Johnson; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Yager, Owensboro; Historian, Mrs. Gipp Watkins, Hopkinsville; Auditor, Mrs. John Streit, Elkton; Chaplain, Mrs. George L. Danforth, Louisville; Vice Chaplain, Miss Mary Moore Davis, Covington; Custodian of Crosses, Miss Lila Lear, Nicholasville; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. John H. Clelland, Winchester; Custodian of Records, Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield. Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Sallie Ewing Marshall Hardy, Louisville; Mrs. Russell Mann, Paris; Mrs. Carrie R. Choate, Lawrenceburg; Mrs. F. McFarland Blakemore, Hopkinsville; and Mrs. Ada Desha Rie, Paris.

Following the election, the convention unanimously indorsed Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, for the office of President General in 1928.

A most bounteous luncheon was served at the noon hour, when the Daughters were guests of the Home, and each had one of the veterans as her escort. The members of the Confederate Home Chapter assisted in the hospitalities of the day.

On Thursday night, Historical Evening was observed, with Mr. Eugene Atkinson, Commander S. C. V., the speaker of the evening. His subject was: "A Great American, Jefferson Davis, Kentuckian." It was followed by the presentation of the trophies by Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby. A silver loving cup was awarded to the John Heflin Chapter, Flemingsburg, for the Chapter having the greatest gain in membership during the year. This Chapter almost doubled its number, and the cup was presented to the representative of the Chapter, Mrs. Ioline Hawkins. To the Children's Auxiliary showing the greatest increase in membership was awarded a gold bar, which was given to the auxiliary at Nicholasville, and was received for it by Mrs. Harry McCarty, President of the U. D. C. Chapter.

The Cross of Military Service was bestowed upon Maj. Hart Gibson Foster, of Lexington, World War veteran and grandson of Col. Hart Gibson, C. S. A., by Mrs. L. G. Maltby.

Mrs. John H. Clelland, in a most beautiful manner, conferred Past President's badges on all Past Presidents, eight of whom were present.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney had charge of the installation of the new officers, following which the thirty-first annual convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy closed after one of the most delightful meetings ever held.

* * *

Louisiana.—Early in November a successful card party was given by the Louisiana Division at the Federated clubhouse in New Orleans for the purpose of raising funds to further the work of marking the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State.

A very lovely reception was given at the Roosevelt on November 21, by New Orleans Chapter No. 72, in honor of Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Louisiana Division; Mrs. Feeney Rice, State Director Jefferson Davis Highway; and Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Registrar General. The honored guests were presented with flowers, as was Mrs. John Kevlin, President elect of the Chapter.

The handsome medal offered by the general order for the State reporting the greatest progress in marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, won by Louisiana, was proudly displayed.

The first meeting of the New Orleans Chapter after the vacation period was honored by the presence of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, Mo., Registrar General, U. D. C., who made a short address, and also presented certificates of membership to sixteen new members of the Chapter.

In reporting the activities of the State Division at the recent Shreveport convention, it was announced that the Chapter had been honored by the award to its members of four State offices. Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President, was reelected First Vice President; Mrs. Feeney Rice was reelected Custodian; Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, beloved of Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere, was elected Honorary President; and Mrs. C. M. Daigle, "Mother Daigle" to the Chapter, was appointed Custodian of Flags.

Mrs. John Kevlin, chairman of the Educational Committee, announced that she had secured two new scholarships—at Holy Cross College and the Ursuline Convent.

Mrs. J. J. Ritayik was unanimously indorsed for the office of President of the Louisiana Division, to succeed Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Baton Rouge, whose term expires in May. Mrs. Ritayik has been identified with the work of the organization for twenty-four years.

Shreveport Chapter is devoting its efforts to maintaining the wild beauty of Fort Humburg, a bluff below the city, now a memorial park, where, during the War between the States, some Federal gunboats coming up the river were turned back by the sight of mock soldiers with wooden cannon.

Ruston Chapter is looking forward to the next celebration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson by sending a request to the school authorities of the parish to have the day observed in all the schools.

* * *

Maryland.—More than three hundred delegates and guests from all parts of the State attended the thirtieth annual convention of the Maryland Division, which convened at the Southern Hotel, Baltimore, on October 26-27, 1927, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President, presiding.

Dr. Henry M. Wharton, Major General Commanding the Maryland Division, U. C. V., in full Confederate regimentals, addressed the Daughters briefly and, by unanimous request, sang the stirring song, "The Bonny Blue Flag."

Hon. William T. Broening, mayor of Baltimore, extended the courtesy of the city to the convention, placing at its disposal the use of a steam launch for a trip down Chesapeake Bay.

Response was made by Mrs. F. P. Canby, of Hagerstown, former President of the Division. Salute to the flags of the United States and the Confederacy was led by Mrs. James W. Westcott. Flags of each Chapter were accepted gracefully for the Division by Mrs. M. Lee Holmes.

State and Chapter officers were called upon for reports. The report of the First Vice President, Mrs. Westcott, dealt with her work as chairman of the U. D. C. Seals, designed by a member of her committee, Miss Sally Washington Maupin. Almost the whole of the original six thousand printed having been disposed of at two cents each, realizing a substantial

sum turned over to the State Director and Miss Ann B. Bruin, Hagerstown, for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.

Beside the regular routine business which came before the convention, much time was devoted to planning for the extension of education and philanthropic work.

Upon historical evening a Military Cross of Service was presented to David J. Barton, World War veteran, Artillery Division, A. E. F., son of the late Maj. Randolph Barton, who served on the staff of General Early, C. S. A.

A pageant, "The Service of the Confederate Flag," was presented by Mrs. S. Johnson Poe, assisted by four young men.

The following officers were elected, the four Vice Presidents being reelected: President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart; First Vice President, Mrs. James W. Westcott; Second Vice President, Mrs. Walter Die; Third Vice President, Mrs. Frank J. Parran; Fourth Vice President, Miss Sally Washington Maupin; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Stewart; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. Johnson Poe; Treasurer, Mrs. Adalbert Mears; Registrar, Mrs. Charles N. Boulden; Parliamentarian, Mrs. J. Frank Wilson; Historian, Mrs. Henneberger; Recorder of Crosses of Honor and Service; Miss Martha Clark; Division Editor, Mrs. M. V. Holmes; Advisors: Mrs. Robert L. Burwell, Mrs. William Buchanan, Miss Harriet Young.

On Armistice Day, the Cross of Military Service was bestowed upon Col. John Carmichael by the President, Mrs. Leo Cahill, and the Recorder of Crosses, Miss Anne Bruin. It was a most impressive ceremony. Colonel Carmichael, who served with the 44th Engineers, is the son of John Carmichael, who was in the Cadet Battalion of the Virginia Military Institute at New Market.

* * *

North Carolina.—The thirty-first annual convention of the North Carolina Division was held in Asheville, October 11-14.

The opening program on Tuesday evening was featured with the presentation of the three flags—the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, the North Carolina State flag, and "Old Glory." Cordial greetings from the various local organizations made the Daughters feel heartily welcome to this city in the "Land of the Sky." Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, President of the Division, presided over the sessions with charm, dignity, and tact, making this one of the most harmonious conventions in the history of the organization.

The President's report for her first year of office showed constructive work in every department and testified to the fact that she is zealously upholding the high standard which North Carolina holds in the general organization. Notable in this report was the fact that the past legislature granted every request asked of it by the Daughters of the Confederacy—the securing of increased pensions for veterans and their widows, an appropriation of \$50,000 for a monument at Gettysburg, and State maintenance of the Confederate Cemetery at Raleigh.

The memorial and historical work has been emphasized by commemorating with suitable markers the battle field of Bentonville, the Gen. D. H. Hill School at Charlotte, the site of the launching of the Confederate ram Albatross, a beautiful fountain to soldiers of all wars in Wilson County, besides many other local markers. The next memorial to be undertaken by the Division will be at Fort Fisher, the Gibraltar of the Confederacy.

Extensive plans for beautifying the Jefferson Davis Highway were reported. Besides the benevolent work being re-

sponded to most zealously, the Division had decided to adopt an endowment plan for educational work, which will insure permanent help to needy descendants of Confederate veterans.

The Asheville Chapter and the Fannie Patton Chapter were joint hostesses to the convention, and had planned many delightful social entertainments for the delegates. The Chapters of the First District also extended hospitality in a buffet luncheon.

The presentation on Historical Evening of a beautiful pageant was greatly enjoyed. Stirring scenes of the War between the States as they were lived in Western North Carolina were reproduced, the whole being the work of talented Asheville Daughters of the Confederacy. One of the most interesting and unusual scenes was in presenting the eight stalwart Stevens sons who returned from the war to their mother alive and unhurt. The early life of North Carolina's war governor, Zebulon B. Vance, was portrayed, as well as his inauguration.

Crosses of Service were bestowed by the President on two gallant World War soldiers—Adj. Gen. John Van B. Metts and Lieut. Thomas A. Jones, Jr. This was a most beautiful and impressive ceremony.

The program on Children's Evening was most enjoyable, and the parts were well taken by the little Daughters.

At the Memorial hour tributes were paid to the memory of two Past Presidents of the Division, Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams and Mrs. W. Scott Parker, who had during the past year gone into the beyond. Memorials were also given to Mrs. Martha Keplar, a Past Vice President of the Division, and to other beloved Daughters.

The following officers were elected for the coming year, many of these being elected for a second term: President, Mrs. Walter Woodard; First Vice President, Mrs. Alfred Williams; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. S. Welborn; Third Vice President, Mrs. William Peck; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. L. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Woodard; Treasurer, Mrs. Garland Daniel; Registrar, Mrs. H. L. Riggins; Historian, Mrs. W. E. White; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. F. Deaton; Director of C. of C., Mrs. Glenn Long; Chaplain, Mrs. T. E. Sprunt.

* * *

South Carolina.—The Abbeville Chapter, through its Secessionville Marker Committee, gave the contract September 14 for constructing the marker, which commemorates the first organized meeting of secession which took place in Abbeville November 22, 1860. It will be a very imposing memorial, consisting of two immense granite columns, one on each side of Secession Street, leading directly to Secession Hill, where the meeting was held. On each column a bronze tablet will tell the significance of the memorial, and a small bowl with a bronze plate will mark the spot on the hill where the speaker's stand was erected on that memorable occasion. The memorial was unveiled November 22, the sixty-seventh anniversary of the meeting, and Abbeville planned a celebration worthy of the occasion.

The residents of the Confederate Home, Columbia, were given a very happy day recently by the members of the William Lester Chapter, of Prosperity. The Chapter members spent the entire day at the home, and took a picnic dinner with them. A musical program of Southern songs was rendered.

* * *

Pennsylvania.—The Philadelphia Chapter invited the Chapters of four neighboring States of the Northeastern section—New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massa-

chusetts, also the Pittsburgh Chapter, to send representatives to a conference on October 17. The States having single Chapters and not a Division have many common interests and problems. A luncheon was served at the Woman's City Club and a round-table conference held. It was a most enjoyable and helpful occasion. Short speeches were made by our own and visiting Presidents and questions of interest to all presented. After the luncheon, the guests attended the regular monthly Chapter meeting and were entertained by a special musical program. The suggestion that a Regional Conference be held annually met with much enthusiasm, and an attempt to arrange something of that nature will be made by the delegates of these States at the convention in November.

* * *

Tennessee.—The Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, of Shelbyville, gave its annual dinner to the Confederate veterans of Bedford County, October 26, in the dining hall of the Woman's Club, which was attractively decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers. Mrs. James P. McDonald, Jr., President of the Chapter, presided, and the ritual was led by Mrs. Agnes L. Whiteside, for whom the Chapter is named. The program of sweet old songs brought up pathetic memories which were lost in the cheery strains of Dixie. An interesting talk on Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, was given by William Parker.

At the close of the program, the veterans, numbering sixteen, were conducted to a special table, and seated with them were the honor guests, Chapter officers, and members of the press. A splendid chicken dinner, with "all the fixin's," gave them a delightful feast, and after this the veterans lingered to enjoy the old-time music and to swap yarns with comrades.

Historical Department, N. A. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.

To State and Chapter Historians and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

It was a matter of much regret to your Historian General that the topic for study last year, "The Confederate Congresses," was not more generally studied. However, this seems to have been due not to lack of interest, but to lack of library facilities. If this is the case, will not every Chapter try to place in the local library books on Confederate history? It has never been possible to "make bricks without straw," and never will be.

The study for this year is one which may be used by every Chapter. The more strictly historical topics are alternated with some of a sort of literary flavor, and it is hoped the combination will be enjoyed.

It is recommended that each Chapter, at least once during the year, purchase and review, and, as far as possible, have the members read, one of the new books which deal with the period of 1861-65. This period continues to attract the historian, and we should know the current thought on the subject.

Let our aim be a wider, deeper, and more definite knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

Cordially and faithfully,

CHARLOTTE OSBORNE WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1928.

1. Contrast conditions in the North and South in 1860— industrial, agricultural, social.
2. Folk tales and superstitions of the negroes.
3. The compromises of the United States Constitution and later compromises.
4. Ballads of your section.
5. Efforts for peace on the part of the Confederacy.
6. Stories of faithful servants.
7. Confederate money; financial policy.
8. Educational institutions in the South, 1860; 1890; 1920.
9. Confederate officers formerly in the United States army.
10. Religion in the army.
11. Confederate officers who had been in United States navy.
12. Our Confederate organizations.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, 1928.

JANUARY.

The study for the Children of the Confederacy for 1928 will be "Some Southern Cities." Those selected will be some which are connected vitally with the story of the Confederacy. The whole history of the city is to be included.

All who made a map last year, as suggested, may use it. All who did not make a map will find it very interesting to make one now and place the cities as they are studied. Make the map on Indian head cotton, using a blue pencil for State lines. The cities, rivers, and other features may be put in with different colors. Start a post card collection of the places studied. Any C. of C. member who is willing to exchange postals will please write to this department, and in this way all will have a nice set at the end of the year.

The first city to be studied is Montgomery, Ala. These points are to be looked up and the information put in a notebook:

1. Where is this city located?
2. What is its population?
3. Who founded it?
4. Who named it, and why was this name chosen?
5. What is its connection with the history of the Confederacy?
6. What are its principal industries to-day?
7. What distinguished people either in State or national history were born here? What writers? Musicians or artists?
8. Tell some story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1928.

The Raines Banner.—To the division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.

Yource Prize.—One hundred dollars to be awarded by the Cross of Service Committee on a per cent and per capita basis.

Jeanne Fox Weinmann Cup.—To the Division registering the greatest amount of historical work done in the schools.

Blount Memorial Cup.—To the Division bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service during the year.

Alexander Allen Faris Trophy.—To the Division registering the greatest number of members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

Orren Randolph Smith Medal.—For the best report of a director of the Jefferson Davis Highway. To be worn by the

director during her term of service, and to be passed on to her successor in her State.

ESSAYS.

To be written by members of Chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Rose Loving Cup.—Best essay on "A History of Tariff Legislation Affecting the South."

Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.—Best essay on "The Blockade, 1861-65."

Anne Sevier Loving Cup.—Best essay on "The Right of Secession."

Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup.—Best essay on "The Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade."

Mildred Lewis Rutherford Loving Cup.—For the most meritorious criticism by a Daughter of the Confederacy of some history or biography dealing with the Confederate period.

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.—Best essay on "The Negro in American Life."

Martha Washington House Medal.—Best essay on "Gen. Leonidas Polk."

W. O. Hart Medal.—Most complete list, with brief description, of Confederate monuments.

Roberts Medal.—For second best essay submitted in any contest.

Cary Prize.—Twenty-five dollars for best essay on "Mosby's Rangers."

C. OF C. PRIZES.

Robert H. Ricks Banner.—To the C. of C. Chapter that sends in the best all-around report.

The Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. Charles S. Wallace to the general organization to be presented to the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

Anna Flagg Harvey Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. J. P. Higgins in memory of her mother. To the Division which registers the greatest number of new members in the C. of C. annual competition.

Florence Goulder Faris Medal.—To the Division director who registers the second highest number in the C. of C. annual competition.

Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.—To be offered to the Chapter director who places the greatest number of books in school libraries. Books on Confederate history to be used as supplemental reading. Annual competition.

ESSAYS.

Mrs. J. Carter Bardin.—Five dollars in gold to the boy or girl who is a member of the C. of C. and of Confederate lineage for the best essay on "Matthew Fontaine Maury (Huguenot), Pathfinder of the Sea." In memory of her grandmother, Mary Rivers Avery, who died in Johnson County, N. C., February, 1865, twelve miles from the battle ground of the battle of Bentonville, N. C.

Mrs. Bennett D. Bell.—Five dollars in gold to the C. of C. member writing the best essay on "Mammy in the Old Plantation Days." In honor of her black mammy, Matilda Cartwright. Preference will be given to paper giving incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authority. These papers are to be retained by the Third Vice President General in the expectation of gathering material for a supplementary reader for children of the grade schools.

Material for all historical contests and essays submitted in prize competition must be in hands of Historian General by October 1.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Pea ody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....	<i>National Organizer</i>
Atlanta, Ga.	

STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garisde Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....	Mrs. P. N. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....	Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....	Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. D. D. Geiger



All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The cycle of time again swings round and ushers in another year with its opportunities. Happy am I in again being permitted to send to you, my dear coworkers and friends, New Year's greetings, with the best wishes of my heart that each day may find you enjoying the great blessing of health, that prosperity may attend you, and happiness crown the year. May the golden opportunities of life be met in all that comes your way, and may you find the joy that comes through service to your fellow man and be climaxed in such earnest endeavor for the advancement of our work sacred to the memories of the noble, devoted women whom we represent in carrying on the labors so dear to their hearts and for which they sacrificed so cheerfully to make for us an easier pathway in life's devious ways. May these hallowed memories stay with us and spur us on to yet greater endeavor in our dear memorial work, and may heaven's choicest blessings attend each day.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The announcement of the appointment of Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith as State President for South Carolina will be gratifying to every acquaintance and friend of this popular and charming Charlestonian. Mrs. Beckwith fills the place made vacant by the death of Miss Heyward and brings to our office a love and devotion to the South and its high ideals, and we are fortunate and happy in having her as a leader in her State.

That Mrs. D. D. Geiger has consented to take up the work so wonderfully carried on by our lamented Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey as President of the Southern Confederated Memorial Association, of Huntington, W. Va., is a source of gratification to the many friends of both Mrs. Geiger and Mrs. Harvey, as the intimate friendship that existed so long between them leads to the feeling of perfect consciousness that the work could not have been placed in safer or better hands, and our congratulations are extended to both the Association and the new President, with the fervent wish that each may find in the other great pleasure in carrying forward the work that dear Mrs. Harvey held second to none save her service to her Master.

Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, the President of the new Little Rock Memorial Association, is doing fine work and making great and well-laid plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A., which meets in the "City of Roses" with the veterans in

reunion in May, and for which many plans are being worked out for profit and pleasure.

Our dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, in a recent letter, tells of his disappointment in not being able, because of feebleness, to attend the Charleston convention, but is trying to husband his strength and looking forward with eager anticipation of getting to Little Rock for the reunion and convention.

We are gratified to be able to report that Miss Rutherford is reported as slowly improving, and is able to see the many friends who call. Many telegrams and letters attest the love of the people whom she has served so long and faithfully, and many prayers go up from countless friends for her complete recovery.

THE U. D. C. CONVENTION IN CHARLESTON.

Passed into the history of life and written on a page of beautiful memories is my visit to Charleston in acceptance of the invitation of the gracious and splendid woman who has led for the past two years the national work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, than whom the U. D. C.'s have never honored a woman more fitted to hold that high office, a type of the gentlewoman of the Old South, always courteous and kindly, yet never sacrificing a principle, she has written her name, as did Abou Ben Adhem, "As one who loves his fellow man," and has written yet deeper in the hearts of her associates the name as of one who loves and serves her Lord and Master. A beautiful life to emulate.

What shall I say of Charleston, of the lure and charm of this city of the Old South, so rich in all that went to the making of the great achievements of American history in both Colonial and Revolutionary days? With an unsurpassed place in the crisis of the War between the States, she sits enthroned the Queen City of the Southland, with her incomparable river front, where the bright waters of twin rivers meet and flow as one in their onward march to join the great Atlantic Ocean; guarded and protected by nature's bounteous provision in historic Forts Sumter and Moultrie; surrounded by gardens in which nature's lavish hand makes adornment like jewels into their rare luxuriance and beauty; and crowning this wondrous setting, the charm of Southern hospitality, as nowhere else can be seen so widely diffused, in its refined, gentle courtesy so typical and so richly the heritage of a nation that rose so pure of purpose and fell to overwhelming numbers, but undefeated.

As an honor guest, invited to bring greetings to the convention from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, many beautiful courtesies were shown your President General, and one wish was ever present—that every member of the C. S. M. A. could share the many delightful courtesies that made the week of convention activities one of rarely delightful events. From the uplifting services in St. Philip's Church, each day unfolded its program varied and filled to the limit with sessions of deepest interest and wonderful reports of amazing accomplishments along lines educational, constructive, historic, and philanthropic, interspersed with the brightness and joy of a social side when relaxation gave opportunities for meeting old friends and new acquaintances.

Many delightful affairs made the social side most brilliant, and many visits to historic spots instructive and illuminating, none more so than the boat trip to Forts Sumter and Moultrie, which made "a perfect day." The election of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, a Virginian of Virginia, typical of all that that proud State can boast, a woman of rare poise and dignity, with sweet, gracious cordiality of manner, added to fine executive ability, insures continued success to this grand body of women whose achievements stand out in wonderfully glorious accomplishments.

Faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Dear Memorial Women: As the new year, 1928, is ushered in, our thoughts turn to the old year, and we ask ourselves, as Memorial Women, have we done our best, not our bit? Under the leadership of our loved President General, nothing is too great for this band of loyal Southern women to accomplish. Our sainted mothers and grandmothers bequeathed to us a sacred trust. Are we proving faithful, or are we letting the "cares that infest the day" cause us to forget?

Keep alive in the hearts of the children the names of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, he "who were the white flower of a blameless life." January 19 should be a day of rejoicing, a day of thanksgiving, that to the world was given such a character, nature's nobleman, a Christian gentleman, Robert E. Lee.

May I ask you to pledge anew your allegiance to the cause we hold so dear, endeavor to encourage your members to greater activity and more loyal coöperation to "do noble things, not dream them"?

A happy new year and may the Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Sincerely,

MARY FORREST BRADLEY,
Editor C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Mrs. N. E. Ayres has been elected President of Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of Oklahoma City, Okla., succeeding Mrs. James R. Armstrong, who served most efficiently for four years. The work is progressing, every meeting being well attended and new members being added.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner was tendered the veterans, wives, and life mothers in the home of Mrs. Armstrong. They also remember the veterans at Christmas.

* * *

Work on Stone Mountain is progressing rapidly, and the announcement has been made that, with favorable weather conditions, the figures of General Lee and Traveller should be completed by the latter part of January, 1928.

GOLDENROD AND THE OAK—A FANTASY.

OVERHEARD IN THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY ABBOTT C. MARTIN, GRADUATE STUDENT.

Goldenrod. I'm glad to hold up my head of gold. I've been listening to the summer so long.

The Oak. Yes, I've watched you growing there.

Goldenrod. It's good to be alive. But why did Mother Earth make me bloom in the autumn when the joys of the other flowers are done. See how many are dead.

The Oak. They're only weeds. A scientist over there (*nodding toward the university*) would tell you that the longer it takes you to grow up, the richer and wiser you are. You, like Landor, dine late.

Goldenrod. Who wants to be wealthy and wise if he can't be young?

The Oak. Wisdom and Wealth are fitter companions than Youth for death. (*A pause.*)

Goldenrod. But, tell me, Old Oak, what am I to do here? Mother Earth tells me I'm quite important. Since the red huntsmen left these hills, a new people have chosen me to be a symbol.

The Oak. And your estate has profited; you have become their national flower.

Goldenrod. How nice of them! I wonder why they chose me?

The Oak. Perhaps because you're very common.

Goldenrod. No *jeu de mots*, I hope?

The Oak (laughing). You're a well instructed young person.

Goldenrod. No; but seriously, about being common?

The Oak. You see you grow everywhere. You're so get-at-able; patriotic people can pluck you without difficulty. But to look at it another way, they do concern themselves more with violets, say, than orchids. I've no doubt that they consider the corn more moral than the orchid.

Goldenrod. O, but I don't think the orchid is immoral. I'd like to know an orchid.

The Oak. Of course you don't think so; but then you're not useful either. You only live and are beautiful. That isn't enough, so some people think.

Goldenrod (eagerly now). Tell me, Old Oak, whom can I play with?

The Oak. I hardly know. The bees and butterflies are gone.

Goldenrod. I don't think they would interest me. When you were young, were there no nymphs or fauns here?

The Oak. I fear there were none in the *lares et penates* of the new people. Or if there were, they found their new environment not very congenial. People wouldn't listen to them, so they died.

Goldenrod (looking about). This is a quiet place.

The Oak. It's a graveyard.

Goldenrod. O!

The Oak. Full of soldiers of the South, who died sixty years ago in the boys' dormitories there. I was a sappling then.

Goldenrod. It seems forgotten. I wonder why.

The Oak. Come, you must not fret or be sad, even if you can know no orchids or wood nymphs. You are yourself; that is enough. We are the geni of this place; perhaps my sap is the blood of an oldish man who went to the war already wise, and yours the blood of a lad who was killed before he took his first kiss. I hear the wind coming down from the north, over the vast plain.

Goldenrod. I feel very cold. It is good to nestle close to Mother Earth. But I shall bloom again next year. There is something in me which will not let me forget the world.

The Oak. And in me.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
JOHN M. KNAUD, Newberry, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. *Surgeon in Chief*
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. *Quartermaster in Chief*
MAJ. A. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. *Historian in Chief*
V. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
REV. JOHN DURHAM WING, Winter Park, Fla. *Chaplain in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

SUMTER L. LOWRY, *Chairman* Tampa, Fla.
N. B. FORREST, *Secretary* Atlanta, Ga.
R. G. LAMKIN Roanoke, Va.
JOHN ASHLEY JONES Atlanta, Ga.
EDMOND R. WILES Little Rock, Ark.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY Washington, D. C.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, *Historical* Lynchburg, Va.
J. H. HAMILTON, *Relief* Mena, Ark.
GEORGE A. MILLER, *Monument* Tallahassee, Fla.
JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Memorial* Oklahoma City, Okla.
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Textbook* Atlanta, Ga.
LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance* Lake Charles, La.
DR. MATHIE PAGE ANDREWS, *American Legion History* Baltimore, Md.
COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford* Irvington, Va.
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, *Manassas Battle Field* Washington, D. C.
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain* Atlanta, Ga.

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va. *Army of Northern Virginia*
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga. *Army of Tennessee*
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark. *Army of Trans-Mississippi*

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville, Alabama
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Arkansas
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. *Central Division*
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capital Street, Washington, D. C. *District of Columbia and Maryland*
S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y. Florida
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee Georgia
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah Georgia
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, Kentucky
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La. Kentucky
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri
ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley Mississippi
J. D. PAUL, Washington, North Carolina
E. RIDGLE, Oklahoma City Oklahoma
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington
Pacific Division.
REID ELKINS, Greenville, South Carolina
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga, Tennessee
E. S. MCCARVER, Orange Texas
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond, Virginia
DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston, West Virginia



AN INTERESTING HUMAN DOCUMENT.

The museum committee of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, through its President, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, has just added an interesting and historically valuable document to its increasing trophies of the war between the Confederacy and the Federal governments. This late addition is a diary kept by Warren B. Hutt, a Confederate prisoner of war incarcerated at Point Lookout, Md.

The diary is written on a small pocket notebook in an exceedingly neat hand, well spelled and punctuated. It is a human document through which we see the heart of a lonely Confederate soldier boy, his love, his sufferings, and his hopes. He speaks often of Annie, to whom he gave two rings at once; but his grandson, Aubrey Felton, of Ballston, Va., who is presenting the old volume to the museum committee, tells us that his grandfather did not marry dear Annie. Such are the fortunes of love and war, both here markedly affecting the life of a stalwart young Virginian. And we are the more interested in him because, true to his Confederate principles, he again and again refused to take the oath of allegiance, cold, hungry, sick as he often was, and be permitted to go back to his home, while again and again comrades less strong did take that oath and escape the living death. However, for the historian this contemporary record is a living witness of the treatment given Confederate prisoners by the United States, which had at its command wood, food, and medicine.

July 5, 1863.—We heard that Ewell is in Frederick City. Heaven grant it.

December 24, 1863.—Wrote to Cousin D. W. Marmaduke, Arrow Park, Saline County, Mo. Supper: tea, molasses, and biscuit.

January 1, 1864.—We are yet prisoners of war at Fort Lookout, Md. Clouds and showers. We have to raise our tents on cracker boxes, which greatly adds to our comfort. I wish all my friends a happy New Year, if I cannot.

24.—It is a beautiful morning; feel very cold. Fresh beef, turnips, and carrot soup for dinner. I have done very little stirring outdoors to-day, as it is very cold.

3d.—Fine breakfast of pork, coffee, and hard-tack. Wil-

liam Parks spent last night with us. We had a very inferior dinner. Did not go out after wood to-day.

4th.—A great many prisoners are taking the oath of allegiance to the Yankee government. We had pork and bean soup for dinner. O, if we could leave here. My tongue is very sore. I am very unwell. By the kindness of James Smith, I had a piece of loaf bread for breakfast.

5th.—Abe's Amnesty Proclamation is posted all over camp for the benefit of those who wish to swallow the pill. My dinner consisted of one can of soup.

6th.—We drew a head of cabbage last night. We have a saw made of a barrel hoop and, instead of cutting wood, we saw it. I slept very cold last night. Ed Claybrook has arrived in Washington.

8th.—It is freezing farther in the bay than it ever did. We have no wood. O, deliver us from such a place!

9th.—I heard from Eddie Claybrook last night. He is at the house of Mr. Bates, K. S. A. General at Washington, who has procured a parole for him. He leaves for the South soon.

11th.—Smith brought me a piece of bread. Washed and put on clothes.

12th.—Smith brought down two blankets. Silas Douglas was shot by the sentry.

14th.—I have a dreadful cough. Bought a stick of molasses candy for five cents.

15th.—We drew parsnips this evening, which is mighty poor stuff; also ate two slapjacks.

16th.—The expedition that went over to the Northern Neck has returned, bringing a few prisoners, Rev. W. W. Walker and Mr. John English Westwood, and a man by the name of Bush, from Lancaster.

17th.—Received a letter from Miss Anna P. Ball, and have replied. We have not a single stick of wood.

18th.—For dinner a small piece of pork, carrots, soup, and hard-tack. Smith brought us down three sticks of wood. Came in a good time.

20th.—The *Baltimore American* gave a mammoth account of the raid into the Northern Neck.

21st.—Read a letter from Miss Bessie Lawson to her cousin, Mr. David S. Lee, of Missouri, of the Western Army.

22d.—Rev. W. W. Walker preached in front of my tent this evening.

23d.—We get very little to eat. O, if I could see those I love so dearly!

25th.—Clark, of my mess, is very sick. One of my sergeants, by name of Cox, of Company E, died at the hospital last night.

26th.—I have bought two pairs of socks, which cost me fifteen cents for one and twenty for the other.

27th.—William H. Franklin, of Westmoreland, died at the hospital. The gunboats were firing last night. It is said blockade runners.

29th.—There was a man killed at one of the mess halls last night. Dreamed of my sweetheart last night. O, if I could see her!

February 1st—Wrote to Miss Annie P. Ball to-day. Clarke is worse.

2d.—Mr. Robinson, of Company F, 40th Regiment, died last night.

3d.—Cold; not a stick of wood. I have the blues, for I want to be with the dear ones at home.

4th.—Seven hundred prisoners arrived this morning from Old Capitol. Webb Smith among the number.

7th.—Am very rich. Received \$5 from Mr. S. G. Miles yesterday.

8th.—William A. Bartlett, Company D, 40th Virginia Infantry, died. The mortality among the prisoners is great. Many of the South's sons are passing from life to death.

9th.—Received a letter from Miss Annie P. Ball, of Monumental City.

11th.—But one small stick of wood, for which we paid \$6 in Confederate money. For supper: corn cakes and molasses.

12th.—The rations we get are not more than half enough.

13th.—Lieutenant Welch, of Company B, 40th Virginia Regiment, died at Johnson's Island a few days since. They found two boats which the prisoners had made to escape in. They (the searchers) then went into wholesale plunder.

16th.—My supper to-night was molasses, pancakes, and molasses.

17th.—We bought two sticks of wood, for which we paid \$6. A small piece of fresh beef and carrot soup.

18th.—Intensely cold last night and no fire. Our day's ration consisted of one small loaf of bread, two ounces of meal, and half pint of carrot soup. Isn't it shameful?

19th.—Very cold, and we have no fire, as the Yankees will not give us any wood.

20th.—We drew wood to-day for a rarity.

21st.—Beast Butler arrived this morning and was saluted with thirteen guns. He has ridden through camp.

22d.—Three of the 47th Virginia swallowed the oath.

23d.—William P. Parks had heard that Thomas English wrote to Annie and sent her a ring.

24th.—For the first time in my life I have seen a regiment of negro troops in full uniform and with arms.

25th.—Negro soldiers were put on post to guard us. Was there ever such a thing in civilized warfare?

27th.—We get so little to eat that it will hardly keep soul and body together. I bought a very good supper of beef, pie, and hot flour bread for \$6.

28th.—A fresh lot of prisoners from North Carolina last night.

March 6th.—Mr. Sanford, of King George County, Va., received a letter from friend Annie. Heard through a Mis-sourian that Uncle M. M. Marmaduke, of Saline County, Mo., is still living.

9th.—The 9th Division left for Dixie. The above division were Louisianians. Had a ring made for Miss Annie Divine Ball.

10th.—The water rises in my house, as we are situated in a low place.

11th.—One negro sentry shot another and killed him dead. O.K.

12th.—Received a letter from friend Annie.

13th.—Put on standing collar and blackened my shoes. For dinner: coffee, pickled beef, and potatoes.

14th.—Received a letter from friend Annie, which I have answered. O, how I would love to hear from loved ones at home, for they certainly ought to know where I am.

15th.—There has been a school established for the benefit of those who wish to be instructed. It is under control of a University of Virginia graduate.

17th.—Received two letters from the South. One from R. D. Murphy, at Camp Lee, the other from Mr. R. L. Harney, of Northampton County, Va. O, it did fill my heart with delight to hear from Virginia.

18th.—Received a letter from ma, which I have read over and over again.

19th.—Received a letter from Annie. I have ordered a ring for my finger, which I hope to have the pleasure of slipping on her little erelong.

22d.—A Yankee sergeant by the name of Yong, 2d New Hampshire Volunteers, shot one of our officers last evening. He killed him. The officer shot was Peyton, of Kentucky.

23d.—Wrote to Cousin Annie. High Chesapeake tides flooded streets. Much mud.

April 17th.—Was introduced to Mr. Edgar Mitchell, brother of Rev. Hezekiah Mitchell, who formerly taught school at Warsaw, Richmond County, Va.

18th.—I feel so sad. Am I to live without one ray of hope? Have heard of the capitulation of Fort Pillow by our troops.

20th.—Sent two rings to Cousin Annie, toothpick to J. P. Morris.

May 12th.—We are not allowed to receive any papers.

LAST CONFEDERATE IN VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—Since the days of Appomattox, where the Stars and Bars was folded, many men who followed Lee and Jackson have aided in molding the State laws of Virginia, following the same high standards of justice and loyalty to their country as that set so many years ago by their revered leaders. To-day, Virginia's legislature is without a Confederate veteran in its membership for the first time since the War between the States, for in the month of October, 1927, Pere Bruce Young, in his eighty-fifth year, the last veteran in the Virginia Assembly, joined his comrades on the other side. He had served four terms in the House of Delegates, and twice that body sent a petition to the voters of his county asking for his return.—Mrs. Nancy North, Washington, D. C.

Fortune favors wealth and numbers,

Falls the battle to the strong;

But the glory never slumbers

Of the champions of the free,

While a Kossuth lives eternal

In a blaze of epic song,

And we keep the mem'ry vernal

Of the ragged ranks of Lee.

—From the poem on "Paardeberg," a battle of the South African War, by Lloyd T. Everett.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

FRANCIS LEWIS.

Through his knowledge of Gaelic and Cymraeg, Francis Lewis, New York signer of the Declaration of Independence, was able to save himself from being made a burnt sacrifice by the Indians.

During the French and Indian War, Lewis supplied the British troops with clothing as agent at Oswego. On the surrender of the fort and its garrison of 1,600 men, Lewis was handed over to the Indians as one of thirty captives. He expected to suffer the fate of a captive, but he succeeded in making friends with the warriors who guarded him by means of the dialects he had learned in Wales.

Lewis was born in Llandoff, Wales, in 1713. He studied at Westminster, and began business in London as a clerk in a counting house. Later he came to the New World, where he rapidly became a most successful merchant. He became so prosperous that he retired in 1765 and withdrew to his estate at Whitestone, Long Island. In order to establish his son in business, he formed the firm of Francis Lewis & Son in 1771, but as soon as the young man was well launched, the father withdrew once more and never engaged in it again.

Lewis was not a member of the First Continental Congress, but was one of the Committee of Fifty-One which served as a Committee of Correspondence. He was a member of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765.

The earlier years of the Revolution were fatal to his property. His house was burned and his wife imprisoned in New York, whence Washington, at the order of Congress, procured her release.

He was elected to Congress in 1775 and remained there until 1779, and in that year became a commissioner of the Board of Admiralty.

The signer's son, Morgan Lewis, became governor of the State, being elected over Aaron Burr in 1804.

WILLIAM PACA.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland, that fertile region of gentleman farmers, was the birthplace of William Paca, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Paca lived his school life in Philadelphia, destined to become the center of Colonial activities in Revolutionary times. He was graduated from Philadelphia College in 1759, entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student in 1762, and was admitted to the bar two years later.

From the first the Maryland signer was opposed to every attempt of the British government to tax the colonies without their consent. He opposed the operation of the Stamp Act in 1765 and every similar measure of the mother country.

The young statesman was embarrassed early in his career by the opposition of his constituents to a separation from Great Britain, and it was not until June, 1776, that the Maryland convention withdrew its restrictions upon the votes of delegates in Congress. He was a member of the State legislature from 1771 to 1774, and was a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1774. He was a delegate to Congress from 1774-1779 and signed the Declaration of Independence.

When the constitution of Maryland was adopted, Paca was made State senator. Other offices which he held were Chief Judge of the Superior Court of Maryland and Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals in Prize and Admiralty cases. He was governor of his State for four years, was a delegate to the State convention which ratified the United States Constitution in 1788, and was United States District Judge

from 1789 to his death in 1799.—*From Series issued by the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia, 1926.*

HIGH COMMENDATION.

The following letter has come to Maj. Harry A. Davis in commendation of his late book on the Davis ancestry, a short review of which appeared in the *VETERAN* for December:

"DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY,

"STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, JACKSON, December 2, 1927.

"Maj. Harry A. Davis, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Major Davis: I am delighted with 'The Davis Family in Wales and America.' It is the best work devoted to genealogy which I have seen in many years. You have shown amazing industry, perseverance, and care in its preparation, and I congratulate you heartily on your notable achievement. Your book solves a problem for me in my work, the 'Life and Times of Jefferson Davis.' I shall use it as the best authority on the ancestry of Mr. Davis.

"Our great leader is rapidly coming into his own. He will soon be acknowledged as the greatest example of devotion to conscience, principle, and a good cause in the world's history.

"Your book should be on the shelves of every library in the country which collects the best authorities on American biography and genealogy.

"With highest regards and best wishes, cordially yours,

DUNBAR ROWLAND, *State Historian.*

REVISED EDITION OF HORTON'S HISTORY.

The editors are to be highly commended for their revival of Horton's "A Youth's History of the Great Civil War." It is one of the most readable accounts of that great conflict. The chapters on the causes of secession and the policies of the Republicans in the North during the war merit special attention. It is to be hoped that this book may gain a wide circulation in the North, so that the youth of that section may have a clear understanding of the causes of the opposition to Lincoln's administration. To those interested in the decline of constitutional liberty and self-determination in the United States, the narrative affords much material for thought. The editors have an excellent note to the dedication of their revised edition. Persons who desire to examine both sides of the causes of the War between the States should not fail to read this compact and brilliant volume.

PHILIP G. AUCHAMPAUGH,

History Department, State Teachers' College, Duluth, Minn.

WHO KNOWS OF THIS?—The following letter has come to the *VETERAN* with the picture of a beautiful woman's statue, seemingly standing alone in some obscure countryside. The writer says: "The inclosed photo is of a scene somewhere in the South. Tradition has it that it was the home of a Confederate general, that an engagement took place just around his home, and that his daughter was killed while attending the wounded; and that the general erected this statue at the spot where she fell." While there were some tragic deaths of Confederate women, the *VETERAN* has no knowledge of such an incident as the above and will appreciate any information about it.

Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, Recording Secretary, Texas Division, U. D. C., 429 Center Street, Dallas, Tex., is trying to get the war record of a veteran there established so he can secure a pension. Robert Abner Lee enlisted in Marshall County, Miss., in 1863; at the time he was living in Pontotoc County; he recalls having served in Chalmers's Division, and that he was in the battles of Guntown, Fort Pillow, Harrisburg, Franklin, and Forrest's raid on Memphis, Tenn.; he gives the names of Capt. A. T. Wimberly and Col. Jesse Forrest, and thinks he was with the 18th Mississippi. Anyone who can give any information of the service of this comrade will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Bardin.

Mrs. Anna J. Wheeler, 1114 North Oklahoma Avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, Walter Wheeler, who is thought to have enlisted from Cape Girardeau, Mo., in 1861, but she cannot give his command, and the affidavits of two former comrades are needed in order to secure a pension. It is hoped that some readers of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* may recall having served with this comrade.

J. B. Neelly, of Muskogee, Okla., sends order for renewal of subscription, saying: "I trust it will live forever, and then some."

GOVERNMENT CLERKS

The 68,811 government employees in the District on June 13, 1926, represented little more than half the number on the Federal pay roll on Armistice Day, 1918, when the total was 117,760.

But the June figure is considerably larger than the prewar total. On June 30, 1916, there were 39,442 government employees here.

Men exceeded women by 10,000 in the June total, with 35,805 men and 25,000 women on the pay roll.

The Treasury roster led all with 14,762 employees. Next came the Navy Department, with 5,044; Agricultural Department, 4,792; War Department, 4,575; Veterans' Bureau, 4,567; Commerce, 4,365; Government Printing Office, 4,077; Post Office, 3,918; Interior, 3,598; and Public Buildings and Parks, 2,453.

The Department of Justice had 836 employees and Labor, 647. The General Accounting Office had 1,965 and the Interstate Commerce Commission, 1,346.

Outside the District, the total, since November 11, 1918, has decreased from 800,000 to 499,894.—*National Tribune*.

"I'm a father!" cried young Jones as he burst into the office.

"So's your old man," replied the boss. "Get to work."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly even sound—even whispers are not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Boaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case, no how long standing, it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus success fully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

Drum

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position
888 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



WORLD'S OLDEST LEGISLATOR.

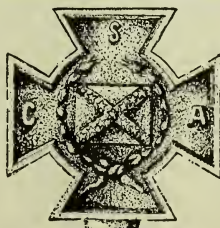
Canada has what she believes to be the oldest legislator in the world. He is on the verge of one hundred years of age. He is Hon. George Casimir Dessaulles, who was born in 1827 in Quebec Province. He was ready for the December sitting of the Senate, walking in unaided.—*Canadian American*.

THE IRISH OF IT.—Two Irishmen were walking down the road on their way to work. One was a little, short fellow, and was having trouble keeping up with his taller companion. "I say, Pat, you walk fast, don't you?" "I walk faster than this when I'm by myself," returned Pat. "Faith, an' I'd hate to be walkin' with ye when ye was by yerself."—*Canadian American*.

The first tin can was inspired by Napoleon Bonaparte, who offered a prize of 12,000 francs to anyone who would invent a way of preserving perishable vegetables for his mariners to eat on their long voyages. In 1809 the money was handed over to Nicolas Appert, an uneducated pickler, who discovered that cooking foods in hermetically sealed containers made it possible to keep them indefinitely.—*Chicago Tri-Park News*.



"Lest
We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

F. O. B. ATTALLA

ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO.
Attalla, Ala.

Answer These

Is it advisable for educators of Southern Universities to resurrect and perpetuate the literature, learning and culture of the South?

Do you think several others in your community might be interested in seeing the accomplishment of such a movement?

We would like your opinion of this movement and if you will write us, giving your name and address, we will send you absolutely FREE of charge and without obligation on your part, a beautiful and interesting 44 page book illustrating what has been accomplished in establishing one internationally famed writer of Southern birth.

We want you to have this book. We know you will enjoy receiving it and reading it. It is our pleasure to give it to you, for we are interested in learning your answers to the above questions. Write and give us your opinion today.

The MARTIN and HOYT COMPANY
Dept. 108 : Atlanta, Georgia

**and we will give
you a Book FREE**

Requested, Aug 1928